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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

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Art. 1.—COMMUNISM AND RUSSIAN FOREIGN POLICY.

A CONSPIRACY of silence in the daily press has left English newspaper readers in ignorance of the rising temper of anti-British propaganda, conducted by the Russian Communist press and wireless, by Soviet-controlled wireless stations at Warsaw, Belgrade, Sofia, Bucharest, Tiflis, and elsewhere, and by the synchronised activities of Communist parties in other countries. The British Foreign Secretary performed a necessary service to truth in saying bluntly, in his reply to Mr Vyshinsky at the meeting of the Security Council of the United Nations Organisation on Feb. 1, 1946 :

‘It has been the incessant propaganda of Moscow and the incessant propaganda of the Communist Party in every country in the world to attack the British people and the British Government, as if there has been no friendship between us. *That* is the danger to the peace of the world. It sets us against one another, causes suspicion and misunderstanding, and makes one wonder what the motive is.’

It is appropriate, therefore, to give more attention than it has recently been the fashion to give to the actual character and evolution of Communism in relation to the foreign policy of the Soviet Union.

The Communism which Lenin’s dynamism gave to the world is first and last a formula for power. But, as one means to that end, it has found in the moral and teleological sentiment of the Western World, which is of Christian origin, an asset which Lenin could hardly have foreseen.

The word ‘communism’ has passed through many shades of meaning since it was first put into circulation (as is believed) more than a century ago by a young Radical from Suffolk, Goodwyn Barmby, who won a name for himself within a small circle as a Unitarian

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Minister and a hymn-writer. It was after a stay in the Paris of Louis Philippe, in 1840, that Barmby founded his Communist Propaganda Society and then his Communitorium at Hanwell. His Communism was very different from that of the young Karl Marx, upon whom the atmosphere of conspiracy in Paris at the same time had such a decisive effect. The model which Barmby and his few followers had before them was the Church of Jerusalem in Apostolic days, when the Christians 'had all things in common,' a conception the very reverse of materialist in motive, which has in fact been realised voluntarily in the intervening centuries by Religious Orders of monks and nuns, but which Marshal Tito or the Soviet Secret Police would to-day probably find somewhat uncongenial. Yet the moral sentiment of English Nonconformity, in which the Radicals of the last generation were consciously and their successors in the Labour Party are unconsciously steeped, combined with the habit of mind which sees a compelling virtue in being 'agin' established things, has given many of our people the idea that Marxian Communism has something or other to do with Christianity and unselfishness. Nothing, *pace* Dr Hewlett Johnson, could be further from the truth, as the study of modern Communism in action will show. But this vague notion is sufficiently potent to beget a kind of guilt-complex in regard to 'Capitalism' or, more generally, the institutions built around the right to personal property and personal liberty. The importance of this subconscious disposition in Anglo-Saxon minds is of far greater importance than is commonly understood. It saps the will of the Radical or Reformist Socialist to denounce to-day the operations of those who, in various countries, are obeying the orders of the Kremlin, even when they know them to be destructive of human rights. It forces the Conservative, hurriedly searching for his lost principles, into an apologetic posture. It constrains Anglican Archbishops to inveigh in not very clear terms against 'the profit motive.' It provides the arch-capitalist, Lord Beaverbrook, that mercurial son of the manse, with a moral tinge for the opportunist, russophil propaganda of his newspapers. Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all.

To a working class, also affected not so remotely by this persistence of Christian sentiment, the magnificent,

because unknown earthly paradise of Soviet Russia has had a particular teleological attraction for those whose grandparents, if not parents, were not ashamed to pray 'Thy Kingdom come.' There is a happy land, far far away. Upon which D. W. Brogan comments: 'This exploitation by the rulers of Russia of the perennial hunger of the human heart for the coming of the Kingdom of God (or the classless society) made Communism in many countries far more the opium of the people than religion could now hope to be.' *

This spurious baptism of Communism obscures the real incompatibility between Christianity and Marxism which is the key to the fundamental conflict underlying almost all European politics at the present time. Replying recently to Communist attacks, the Archbishop of Milan wrote: 'If I am asked if one can at the same time follow Jesus Christ and Marx, I am obliged to answer that it is impossible': an observation in which Lenin would have cordially concurred. The English mind boggles at logic in doctrine, but an honest comparison between the Gospels and 'Das Kapital'—even more Lenin's exposition of Marxism—forces one to the conclusion that Cardinal Schuster is right. Dialectical Materialism is the first characteristic of Marxism; the primacy of the Spiritual the first characteristic of Christianity. To the Christian, the important thing about man is his soul; to the Marxist, he has no soul: he is seen only as a producer and consumer of material things. To the Christian, men and states are subject to the moral law of God; to the Marxist, there is no God and no objective ethical standard. 'We say with assurance,' said Lenin, 'that we do not believe in God. . . . We deery all this morality borrowed from concepts exterior to class or even to humanity. We say that it is only a trick to deceive the working man and the peasant and to occupy his attention to the great profit of property owners and capitalists. Our own morality is entirely subordinated to the interests of the proletariat and the needs of the class struggle.' † To the Christian, man has freedom of will to choose between right and wrong; to the Marxist, his fate is settled by Economic

* In 'Is Innocence Enough?' (Hamish Hamilton).

† Address to the Third All Russian Congress of Communist Youth.

Determinism: he is 'in fact, not a bus but a tram.' Christianity preaches mutual charity regardless of social differences; to the Marxist, the Class War and the exploitation of hatred are the standard formulæ for political victory.

It is important at the start to realise these facts; for unless Communism is seen as a substitute for religion—that is, as a system of belief and conduct which aims at ejecting the absolute values which all Monotheism, but especially Christianity, upholds, and substituting in the minds of its adepts wholly different 'absolutes'—it is impossible to comprehend the fanaticism, the blind obedience, the personal self-sacrifice, and the complete ruthlessness which have characterised the whole development of Communism in the present century. 'Communism is an alternative to religion. . . . It has a Sacred Book—the writings of Marx, Engels, and Lenin. It has a hierarchy—the Communist Party. In place of a theology, it has a philosophy—Dialectical Materialism. And to depart from or question this "integrated outlook" is to incur all the penalties of excommunication, which may extend to exile or death.'*

The stage of Communist history with which we are to-day confronted is that in which Russian Imperialism, itself exclusively directed by Communists, is, at the end of a victorious war, using picked men, trained in Moscow and steeped in unquestioning fidelity to the system of thought described above: (a) to rule the territories effectively overrun by the Red Armies; (b) to 'soften up' resistance to Russian political pressure in the adjacent countries; and (c) to act as a 'fifth column' for the same purpose, in various manners adjusted to diversity of circumstance, in all the other countries of the world. It is the stage of 'Revolutionary Imperialism' with its singular combination of nationalist and internationalist slogans, for which the only historical parallel is to be found in the French Revolutionary Wars, in which, to the cry of 'Allons, Enfants de la Patrie,' the soldiers of France set out to establish 'Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité' (cf. 'Democracy') far and wide in place of 'Tyrannie' (cf. 'Fascism'), and ended by planting the relatives of

* 'British Survey,' Vol. III, No. 3.

Napoleon upon half the thrones of Europe. But Bonaparte had not at his disposal the radio and the technique of mass suggestion, which the Soviets have had nearly thirty years to perfect, nor had he the inestimable advantage of seeing the Power which was his principal rival internally rotted and divided by years of francophil and revolutionary propaganda.

The Communists as an effective body emerged from the Conference of Russian revolutionaries held in London in 1903, when the minority (Mensheviki) remained attached to the idea of advancing the cause of the working class stage by stage by alliance with liberal elements, while the majority (Bolsheviki), led by Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov—or Lenin, as he called himself—advocated revolution through an alliance of factory workers and peasantry. It was the latter who appropriated to themselves the title of 'Communists.' It is important to remember that they were never intended to be and never have been identified with 'the people' even in the restricted sense of 'the proletariat': they set out to be *rulers of the people*. If democracy means a polity in which the government is freely elected by the people, then Communism is the very negation of democracy. Lenin inveighed vigorously against trusting to the free votes of a majority. 'Our task is to combat spontaneity, to *divert* the Labour movement.' Borkenau, summarising his doctrine, writes: 'Communism, in Lenin's definition, is not the party of the proletariat; it is the party of revolutionaries *linked* with the proletariat. A link can become looser or closer.'* The masses must be led and their passions exploited by the few, that is, the *intelligentsia*. 'The organisation,' to quote Lenin again, 'must consist chiefly of persons *engaged in revolution as a profession*'; and the natural corollary of this is that, the revolution having succeeded, the professional revolutionaries enjoy the sweets of power, as in fact in the Soviet Union and its conquered territories they do. In that vast Union in which effective power resides solely in the Communist Party, its members have never numbered as many as 2 per cent. of the population, whereas those who hold, year after year, the key positions—in the

* Borkenau, 'The Communist International' (Faber and Faber).

Politburo, the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, and in the Council of People's Commissars—are (after the 'purging' of rivals) the same tiny handful of men, 'unanimously elected' whenever the Constitution requires it.

It is difficult to determine the actual number of Communists in other countries. The salient historical fact is that in every European country except Russia the Communists, bound by their instructions from Moscow to apply the completely irrelevant lesson of the Russian Revolution in conditions nowhere similar to those which had favoured its success, were until the Russian military victories of 1943–45 a complete and utter failure as a revolutionary force. They did, indeed, confuse, divide, and weaken the constructive forces of the Left in many parts of the world; and their principal contribution to history between the two wars was to provoke the ascendancy in country after country of 'Fascism,' if by that term we understand, as well as the Italian prototype, all the nationalist and authoritarian regimes. This was the case in Italy, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and Greece, and, to a certain extent, in Poland; and reaction to Communism was a powerful influence in the growth of the 'Croix de Feu' and other totalitarian groups of the Right in France. It is not surprising, therefore, that, according to their own statistics, the number of their supporters waxed and waned continually. Only a tiny nucleus of professionals and devotees remained constant. Borkenau, himself at one time a prominent member of the German Communist Party, after a painstaking analysis of the available figures, concludes: 'Within five to seven years . . . practically the whole strength of the party membership with the exception of the stable 5 per cent. have disappeared and been replaced by new members.'*

Recent elections in Austria and in Hungary showed how little the pretensions of the party, backed (or embarrassed) by the Red Army on the spot, corresponded to its real strength. In the former country the Communists polled 800,257 out of the 4,717,256 votes cast in November 1945, and in the latter 175,671 out of a total of 3,176,953 in December. A maximum estimate of the

* Borkenau, 'The Communist International' (Faber and Faber).

strength of K.K.E., the Communist Party in Greece, made at the time of the E.L.A.S. rising at Christmas 1944, was 10 per cent. of the potential voters, and this was almost certainly reduced in view of the reactions which their massacres produced. In Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and Rumania artificially controlled elections, with a good deal of preliminary terrorism, were necessary, especially in the first named, to confirm the ascendancy of 'United Fronts,' in the leadership of which the Communists predominate, whereas the party was proscribed in each country before the war. In Poland, the Communist Party, regarded as a Russian catspaw, was similarly outlawed for the greater part of the period between the two wars, with the result that, with one or two mediocre exceptions, such as Rola Zymirski, with his very dubious past in the Polish War Ministry, none of the men trained and produced by the Russians to rule Poland after their conquest of it was known in the country. Despite the creation of imitation Socialist and Peasant parties to provide the imported politicians with an appearance of variety, there is very little evidence of any genuine popular support for them. The highest registered membership of the German Communist Party before Hitler suppressed it was 320,000 in a population of nearly seventy millions. Except where its surviving veterans, like its *Führer** Pieck, have been reimposed by the Russians after their conquest of Eastern Germany, there is little sign in that country of any real increase in Communist strength to-day; where free local elections have been held, as for Hesse in the British Zone or Bavaria in the American, the tendency has rather been for the Christian Social and Conservative parties to win the day. In Italy the Communist party has the advantage of a brilliant organiser, Togliatti (Ercoli of the former Comintern), and of having been proscribed by the Fascists. Many Italians prefer to be on the side of power—and Russia is now very powerful. A considerable number of the younger and tougher Fascists, who have a flair for street fighting, have been attracted to the ranks of the party. The elections will show the extent of the Communist influence. All indica-

* A not inappropriate title, since the regimented celebrations of his seventieth birthday in the Russian Zone were, for all the world, like the similar celebrations of Hitler's birthday in Nazi times.

tions, however, are that the *actual* members of the party in Italy, as distinct from those who vote for it from fear, prudence, or temporary discontent, are a very small nucleus of men. 250,000 is the highest and rather sweeping estimate given of Communists, of various nationalities, in Spain at the outbreak of the Civil War. It is probably excessive, since the majority of the Republicans who fought Franco were certainly not Communists; but even at its face value, it is not a very high proportion of twenty-eight million people. In Czechoslovakia membership varied, between the wars, from 140,000 to 80,000; in Britain from 3,500 to 10,700; in the United States from 2,300 to 9-10,000.

In short, in every country but Soviet Russia itself, with two important exceptions, China and France, the actual numbers of the professional Communist party members have been insignificant and their supporters a mass of shifting sand. They themselves, as Lenin intended them to be, are an inner ring; their power, where it has been achieved, results from the ability with which they have infiltrated into the leadership of other political and industrial groups. But, as a matter of history, in none of these countries have Communists been able to secure control except as the camp followers or agents of the Red Army since its advance into Europe. That does not say that in the whole of Eastern Europe, and to a lesser extent in the Middle East, their permeation of desirable territory and their excitation of discontented elements therein have not been of considerable value to Russian policy.

China in the East and France in the West are the two countries in which, without the heavy intervention of the Russian armies, the Communist parties have secured positions of substantial importance. In China they have found able leaders, and though they have failed completely to win over the industrial workers of the great ports and river towns, they have lived for nearly twenty years as the rulers of territory virtually detached from the territory of the Chinese Republic. Their administrative and military personnel, originally peasants, have become a type *sui generis*. The extent and location of the territory controlled have varied with the changing fortunes of their struggle, temporarily composed, with

Chiang Kai-shek and with the Japanese, but wherever their authority has been set up for any length of time, they have established, as Lord Lytton's Commission found in 1931, laws and governmental institutions of their own. They have, it is true, a pretty bloodstained record, but they seem to have devised a scheme for relieving tenant farmers of their taxes and rents, which, combined with cooperative ventures, reconciles the poorer peasantry to their rule in the area which they control.

The secret of the relative success of the Communists in China and France seems to be that they do not solely depend upon Russian influence and orders, as in all other countries, but have certain native roots of their own. There was a French Revolution and there was a Chinese Revolution before there was a Russian Revolution. The political parentage of the Communist parties would of course be disputed by their opponents in either country, but their appeal is undeniably strengthened by their ability to claim a national origin. The Communists started in Canton as part of the followers of Sun Yat Sen and of the Kuomintang, the Nationalist Party; and there is little doubt that in the early rollicking days of the Comintern, which saw the establishment of its Asiatic Bureau, it was imagined that the whole Nationalist movement in China, smarting from the humiliation of the Twenty-One Demands and the rather cavalier treatment which it had received from the Western Allies, would come into line with the general movement against Imperialism and the established Powers. That was evidently in the mind of Borodin as he accompanied Chiang Kai-shek when he went to assert his authority at Canton, the Communist stronghold, in 1925. But the excesses of the Communists and the attachment of the main body of the Kuomintang to genuine Chinese traditions, reduced the Chinese Red Army and its followers to the position of a rebellious sect, and a long and bitter history of civil war has made the reconciliation, which the Americans have been trying to effect, extremely precarious. The fact that Chiang emerged victorious from his successive trials of strength with the Communists has caused Moscow to maintain tolerably correct relations with his Government and to give it intermittent help during the long struggle with Japan, the traditional

rival of Russia in the Far East. But the Chinese Red Army has served its purpose for a quarter of a century, while the Soviets have consolidated their predominance in Outer Mongolia and Sinkiang, by providing an important and indigenous element favourable to Soviet designs, and has effectively promoted one of those designs, namely, to prevent the emergence of a strong and united China.

The strength of the Communist Party in France, which became the seat of the Comintern's western headquarters after Hitler's suppression of the German party and the flight of Willi Muenzenberg from Berlin, is again partly attributable to the national history. There was nothing particularly Socialist or international about the revolutions in Paris which ended the reign of Louis Philippe in 1848 and that of Louis Napoleon in 1871: the slogans of 1789 were their inspiration and unemployment their motive power. But the rising of 1848 filled the young Karl Marx with enthusiasm, inspired the Communist Manifesto, which he and Engels drew up in the same year for the German 'League of Communists,' and coloured much of his later work, while the Commune of 1871 was the first real example of proletarian rebellion followed by the seizure of power; and Thiers' execution of so many of the rebels provided modern Communism with its martyrology. There is a sense, therefore, in which French Communism (though it practically disappeared from the political scene for half a century) could claim to be older than Russian Communism. It has its intellectuals to-day—poets and novelists who command respect—and its leaders, especially the cultured Thorez and old Cachin, speak the idiom of the French intelligentsia. The turning point in its fortunes was the decision of the Communists to play the Parliamentary game and, under the new United Front Policy of 1935, to woo instead of denounce the Socialist Trade Unions and every party or body which could be described as progressive or internationalist or anti-fascist. Thus with a mixture of revolutionary phraseology and respectable policies, it provided the disappointed voter of Socialist inclinations with a means of displaying his discontent with the existing governmental machine by voting 'further to the Left' both in 1936 and in 1945. Before the large vote which the French

Communist Party secured in the *Front Populaire* elections of 1936, we know from Piatnitski's reports to the Orgburo of the Comintern and other official Communist statistics collected by Borkenau that its actual membership was quite negligible, varying between 81,000 and 35,000. The large popular vote which it gained in 1936 vanished into thin air with the bankruptcy of the Third Republic and the manifest treason to France of the Communist leaders in the first twenty months of the war, during the Nazi-Soviet Pact, when the party was proscribed. The fact that it secured nearly a quarter of the votes in 1945 election, so far the most important achievement of Communism in any democratic country, may broadly be attributed to three causes. First, there was the vigour with which the Communists, after the German attack on Russia, took part in the Resistance Movement and the ability with which they used, within it, the United Front tactics in order to exploit the Allies' victory for their own ends; secondly, the volume of disillusionment and discontent at the economic condition of liberated France; and, thirdly, the great impression made both by the victories of the Red Army over Germany, the hereditary foe of France, and the masterful conduct of Russian diplomacy thereafter. Despite their native sources of strength, the Communist leaders, and especially Maurice Thorez, who spent most of the war as an exile in Moscow, have lost no opportunity—or found it necessary—to underline the identity of their movement with Russian Communism and their support of Soviet policy. Thus Thorez took the opportunity, immediately after General de Gaulle's resignation in January 1946, at a mass demonstration held in Paris to celebrate the twenty-second anniversary of Lenin's death, to emphasise the whole-hearted attachment of the French party to the Leninist-Marxist theory, an essentially revolutionary theory. At the same time, a writer in the Communist 'Action,' Pierre Courtade, dealt with the widespread criticism in France of the present Russian policy of expansion:

'The accusation of imperialism brought against the Soviet Union is, in our view, a contradiction in terms. There is no imperialism save capitalist imperialism. The steps taken and the efforts made by a Socialist State to assure its defence and increase its influence seems to us legitimate. More than that,

when a conflict breaks out between a progressive State and one that is less so, it seems to us natural in every case to support the claims of the progressive State.'

The 'Manchester Guardian,' quoting this, found it, very properly, shocking: 'This doctrine, that Communist States have no need to consider the rights of others or the claims of international faith and trust, offered as a guiding principle for the foreign policy of a great people with great traditions, is surely so repugnant to sense and feeling that a Government which proclaimed it could not hope for the confidence or the respect of the French people.' *

That is the root of the matter and the real reason why a patriot like General de Gaulle, whose whole formation, shared by the still typical Frenchman, is repelled by the idea of the *inféodation* of France to a foreign power, was bound sooner or later to resign from the leadership of a government in which the Communists participate and, by their own admission, participate only for the purpose of dominating or disrupting it as opportunity offers. But the wider question, that of the repudiation of all that the Law of Nations means to the western mind—and none have done more than the French to sustain and elaborate the doctrine of mutual rights and duties in the international community—may prove to be an even greater moral and intellectual obstacle to the retention by the Communist Party of the large number of votes which it obtained in France at the end of 1945.

These considerations lead to an examination of the moral issues involved in the kaleidoscopic changes and (to us) inconsistencies of Communist behaviour. The Communist is a chameleon; but a chameleon's ingenuity in camouflage does not alter his essential organism: changes of colour are only a means to an end, in his case, self-preservation. We have seen the Communist at one time damn the League of Nations as 'the holy Alliance of the Bourgeoisie for the suppression of the proletarian revolution,' † at another, extol it as the vehicle of 'collective security,' and then again denounce it as a capitalists' den of thieves. We have seen him in Europe,

* 'Manchester Guardian,' Jan. 24, 1946.

† 'Kommunisticheski International,' No. 1, p. 25.

in India, in the colonies, and in the Far East condemning imperialism and espousing alike the cause of oppressed nationalities in Europe and that of subject peoples in other continents. Now we see him justifying without the slightest reservation the Russian annexation of the Baltic States, the Russian control of Poland and the Balkans, and those very measures of Russian expansion at the expense of Persia and Turkey which Lenin himself repudiated. We find the English and French Communists from 1939-41 doing all that they can to weaken the 'Imperialists' war effort against Germany, and posing thereafter as the prime champions of Democracy against Fascism. We find Communists flirting freely with the Catholics at the time when the Nazis were oppressing the Church in Germany and when the clergy and faithful in many countries—extolled by the Soviet wireless—were vigorously resisting them. Now the Vatican has become Public Enemy No. 1 of the Communists' propaganda. We find religion denounced as the opium of the people and a fanatical anti-God campaign conducted for years, only to be followed in due course by the restoration of the Moscow Patriarchate and the aggressive use of the Orthodox Church as the instrument of Soviet diplomacy throughout the Slav world and the Slav minorities of North America. No less striking inconsistencies are observed in the ridiculing of Islamic practice and belief throughout the Soviet Union until yesterday, to be followed at the present time by Soviet-sponsored Moslem pilgrimages to Mecca. In internal affairs we find the Communists now nationalist, now anti-nationalist, now constitutional, now anti-constitutional, now allied with one group (say, French Trade Unionists), now with another (say, large Persian landowners in Azerbaijan) according to the requirements of the local struggle for power. We find the English or American Communist toying with the innocent persons affected by Christian notions of sharing the goods of this world, and, on the Continent, normally allied with those who formally repudiate Christianity. While our help was needed in the war against Germany, there were at least occasional good words for the British on the Soviet wireless and in the obedient propaganda of the Communists in the West. Now not a day passes without scurrilous attacks upon

the British—which in other days would have caused a rupture of relations—by the Soviet radio and by all their controlled stations. 'Fascist' now means any one anywhere who opposes Communism or disagrees with Soviet policy, whatever its transmutations. And so on, through every sphere of ethics, politics, and economics, national and international life.

The explanation is not in doubt to any one who judges by the daily evidence of events. Truth, honesty, consistency—those standards dictated by reason and sustained by the Christian tradition of the West—are simply non-existent for the Communist. In their place, as was shown at the beginning of this paper, is Lenin's definition of morality; it is utility to the proletarian revolution, of which the Political Bureau of the Russian Communist Party—in personnel substantially identical with the Soviet Government—is the sole custodian and the infallible exponent. For St Ambrose, as for Cicero, 'Fundamentum est justitiæ fides,' 'the foundation of justice is good faith,' and 'Ecclesia est quædam forma justitiæ,'* 'the Church is in a sense the determinant of what is just'; for the Nazi theorist 'Justice is whatever is of benefit to the Nation, whatever corresponds to the German feeling of justice';† for the Leninist 'Morality is entirely subordinated to the interests of the proletariat and the needs of the class struggle.' In point of fact the variations of Communist slogans and tactics have exactly followed the shifts and changes of Soviet foreign policy from 1919 to the present time. The reader may be surprised that the Comintern or Communist International has been barely mentioned: the reason is that its formal existence or disappearance (in 1942) has not made the remotest difference to the actual use of Communist agents and groups in various countries by the Soviet authorities. Indeed, it is only since its formal suppression that any considerable Communist successes have been attained, chiefly by the planting of trained Comintern personalities either to act as political adjuncts of the Red Armies in occupied countries or to exploit the Russian ascendancy in countries which are not under their own military

* 'De Officiis,' I, 29.

† Dr Krämer of the 'League for the Protection of Justice.' 'West-deutscher Beobachter,' May 17, 1936.

control—Bierut in Poland, Plieck in Germany, Gottwald in Czechoslovakia, Tito in Jugoslavia, Dimitrov in Bulgaria, Patrasceru, Luca, and Anna Pauker in Rumania, Togliatti in Italy, Thorez in France, etc. The Communist International was formed, and developed an ambitious array of committees, bureaux, and sections, in 1920, at a time when, with risings in Hungary and Bavaria, it was believed that world revolution was 'just round the corner.' But from the following year, when disillusionment set in, until 1941, the building up of 'socialism in a single country' was the order of the day. The Comintern was never anything in fact but the foreign office and propaganda agency of the Russian Communist Party, by whose Politburo it was controlled. The task of (a) building up the Soviet Union; (b) defending it against, first the menace, then the actual attacks of Germany; and (c) exploiting its victory over Germany to achieve the maximum extension of Soviet influence and power—these are the dominant purposes which have governed all the chopping and changing of Communist intrigue and propaganda abroad for a quarter of a century.

It is a recurrent theme of that propaganda, and a not ineffective kind of smoke-screen, especially for English politicians and civil servants, to taunt those who observe in any detail the operations of the Communists with being scared of the 'Bolshevik bogey.' There is certainly no need whatever in this country to be scared of the Communists as such. Their only importance is that they, with their more or less bemused outer ring of semi-intellectuals, are the faithful agents or mouthpieces of something which is very important, namely, the foreign policy of Soviet Russia. Its military power on land, though not at sea or in the air, is very great; and if it is the intention of its rulers to expand their power 'while the going's good'—and every move which they have taken since the German capitulation supports this view—they are well placed to do so, operating outward from interior lines over the land mass of Asia and Europe, westward, southward, and eastward. They have the advantage over the 'open societies' of the West of a highly centralised organisation and the complete control of opinion. The political propaganda of class war masquerading as democracy has latterly served a useful

purpose in softening resistance, and, no doubt, will continue so to be used. Never were two great countries less inclined to quarrel with a third than are the British and Americans with Russia. Nothing which the diplomacy of the Kremlin or its servile and noisy agents can attempt should destroy our admiration for the good qualities of the Russians, and in particular the heroic endurance and military skill which they have displayed during the war and their massive contribution to victory. Nor need the necessary defence of the British Empire against the century-old endeavour of Russian Governments to sever its communications in the Middle East, 'to come right across the throat of the British Empire'* to use Mr Bevin's expression, detract from our honest appreciation of all that the Stalin regime has achieved in the sphere of economic organisation and technical progress in Russia. In our own interests and those of the whole world it is worth a supreme effort to avoid an Anglo-Russian struggle. But it is the plain teaching of history that the appeasement of a great Power, which inevitably means the sacrifice of other people's rights to secure a respite for oneself, is an extremely ineffective means of preventing war. The other alternative is to tell the truth; to refuse any recognition or condonation to injustices committed by that Power; to make it clear that our own rights and interests and those of our friends, as far as we are able, will be vigorously defended; and to offer friendship and cooperation on those terms, and those terms alone. Those who incline to the latter course will judge it more important to consider the *ends* rather than the *means* of the Soviet Government's international policy. They will refuse either in home politics or in interpreting foreign news to regard the Communists as anything but what the experience of a generation has proved them to be, namely, the persistent and hard-working, but often rather clumsy reconnaissance patrol of the main body, with which, sooner or later, we are bound to come to grips.

* House of Commons, Official Report, Nov. 7, 1945, Col. 1346.

Art. 2.—SHIPPING IN PEACE AND WAR.

It was on a diminished and impoverished British mercantile marine that this country had to rely for existence when war broke out in 1939. A Bill which was to extend to shipping assistance of a most comprehensive kind was stopped in its progress through the House of Commons by the declaration of war. For the next six eventful years the mercantile marine was to transport the men, carry the foodstuffs and war supplies to the scenes of fighting, and share actively in great naval and military operations, besides largely provisioning these islands—all vital services which made victory possible. It is now beginning to emerge from its war-time ordeals and strict control in something like half its previous volume. Important new tasks await it as soon as the ships have been refitted for the big parts they have to take in peacetime commerce. Time will show if history is to be repeated and difficulties will encompass shipping again, as they did in the years between the wars, or if a new era of service and prosperity is opening for the greatest of all British industries.

During the war of 1914–18 the British people showed proper appreciation of the mercantile marine. Immediately afterwards men of the merchant service were accorded places of honour with representatives of the fighting services at public celebrations of peace and, as an expression of gratitude for and recognition of work well done, a pageant of the mercantile marine in the Thames was organised and was witnessed by large crowds drawn from London's dense population. A procession of ships' boats manned by crews who had faced the horrors of war at sea and flying the house flags of the various companies passed up the river and below the windows and terraces of the Houses of Parliament. Tributes were publicly paid to the magnificent performances of British shipping and the courage of seamen in the face of unprecedented dangers from submarines and (at that time), to a smaller extent, from aircraft.

All this was well deserved and was worthy of the nation. Yet the appreciation which was apparent while danger threatened and for some time afterwards did not save the British shipping industry from falling within

a few years on extremely hard times. Ships went to sea fully manned by men with masters' certificates, for not sufficient commands were available for all who were qualified. Thousands of seamen tried to gain employment in industry ashore or, relying on the dole for support, trudged the streets; hundreds of ships were laid up in estuaries round the coasts; shipyards languished for work; skilled craftsmen became tram conductors and were glad to earn a living by any honest means, for the shipbuilding companies, starved of naval orders and dependent on the building of passenger liners and other specialised vessels, could only offer work to a fraction of the number of men who sought it; shareholders in shipping companies went without dividends for years. Time passed, and when in Britain's second emergency the shipyards again wanted men these were not to be had. Untrained women tried bravely to fill some of the gaps.

While depression ruled in the United Kingdom much financial encouragement was being given by other Governments to the growth of their national mercantile marines. This helped materially to aggravate the trouble in this country. Foreign governments acted directly by subsidising shipbuilding and shipping companies; and indirectly by devious methods which secured that traffic would be diverted to particular fleets. Barter schemes were introduced whereby industries which, by furnishing products, had obtained financial credits were only permitted to make use of these for the purchase of other goods, including ships. Italy paid for dried fish with tonnage, so that a vessel was built in Italy for Norwegian owners to maintain a passenger and cargo service between England and Norway. British shipping had to meet unaided heavily supported foreign competition, with the immediate result that foreign mercantile marines expanded while the British industry declined. It also encountered severe competition from mercantile marines of countries with lower standards of living. That from Greek shipping, for example, was intensified by the practice of several members of a family helping to man a ship and, when freights were low, being prepared to accept little remuneration in the hope that there would be compensation in better times. In the Eastern trades Japanese vessels, with the assistance of the Government and of low expenses,

made large inroads into the trade of British companies. These few illustrations of the difficulties British shipping companies encountered are briefly recalled as a warning of the kind of thing which may happen again and lead once more to the undoing of the British mercantile marine. Quite different dangers may also assail it. There are already signs that other countries are caring more for their shipping industries. A third time British shipping might not be strong enough to save these islands when gravely endangered, and other good reasons also exist why a healthy shipping industry is essential to the welfare of Britain.

Before attempting to look ahead it will be well shortly to consider the state in which British shipping ended the great wars in Europe and the Far East last year. For six years no information was disclosed to the public. News of losses was confined outside official circles to those directly concerned, notably owners and marine underwriters, and was only made known to these for the purpose of their work and on a promise of absolute secrecy. Including shipping owned in the British Dominions overseas, Lloyd's Register showed that in June 1939 there were 8,977 steamships and motorships of 21,002,000 tons gross. The Admiralty has reported that from the outbreak of war to May 8, 1945, there were lost 2,570 vessels, of 11,380,000 tons. In addition, 610 vessels, of 1,120,000 tons, were lost through marine perils, making a total of 12,500,000 tons, which was more than half the tonnage with which the British nations started the war. Against this great decline British shipyards produced during the war about 6,000,000 tons gross of new ships, much of which was of standard types and by no means entirely suitable for peace-time service. Measured by tonnage the British mercantile marine at the end of hostilities was less by about 7,000,000 tons gross, but tonnage alone does not indicate the full extent of the change. The losses of fast passenger and cargo liners may mean much more than the destruction of a similar volume of ordinary cargo tonnage.

Not until almost the end of the hostilities were companies allowed to announce the names of ships which were no more, and then the public gained some idea of the price which had been paid by shipping for doing finely the work entrusted to it. As a rule, the knowledge

of the public of individual ships is restricted to a few passenger vessels, especially those directed to pleasure cruising during the years before the war, and it transpired that some of the best-known ships had disappeared. These, like other valuable assets of the country, were not spared where great risks were involved. They were placed in the forefront of the battle. If war should ever come again such ships may be guarded from the outset by warships, as they deserve to be. Once more many fine liners were withdrawn from performing their true functions of carrying passengers and cargo and were commissioned to act as auxiliary cruisers and were employed in patrolling duties and as escorts for other merchant vessels. With their many decks they made large targets and when they encountered heavily armed enemy warships their doom was quickly sealed.

The P. & O. announced the losses of, among many ships, the 'Viceroy of India,' 'Narkunda,' and 'Strathallan,' and the Orient Line the destruction of the 'Orcades.' The 'Strathallan' and 'Orcades,' each of about 24,000 tons gross, built for comfortable travel between England and Australia, were two of the latest ships, and their destruction indicated how chance was a factor in the end of fine craft. While many of the most modern liners which should have had long lives of service ahead of them were destroyed, some of the older vessels, whose years had already seemed numbered, survived. Notable among such ships which were able to render splendid service from the beginning to the end of the war were the liners 'Atlantis' and 'Almanzora,' built in 1913 and 1914 respectively. In the event they were given a new lease of life which was to be most valuable to the country. So, indeed, was the service of every British ship which was seaworthy. Lest by the mention of two names Royal Mail Lines, the owners of the two 'A' ships, should be associated quite unfairly with older vessels, it is right to recall that their newest and splendid ship the 'Andes,' of 26,000 tons gross, was about to make her maiden voyage from Southampton to South America when war broke out. Instead, she was stripped of all her luxurious passenger fittings and converted into a transport, and in that capacity has carried many thousands of men to and from all parts of the world. Royal Mail

Lines, Limited, have also been outstanding in contracting for new tonnage during the war. The Blue Star liner 'Arandora Star,' for many years employed in pleasure cruising, was another of the well-known ships to be lost. The 'Empress of Britain,' of 42,000 tons, the flagship of the Canadian Pacific Company, which had made long world cruises during the winter months in the years of peace, was destroyed, together with other large passenger ships and the whole of the fleet of 'Beaver' cargo liners which were specially built for the trade between London and Montreal. Ships of the passenger-liner class were irreplaceable during war-time, owing to the larger amount of labour needed for their construction and the length of time required. The destruction of many such vessels increased the strain on those remaining—marine engines like human beings need rest at times—and they were missed not only during the war but also later when, hostilities over, millions of troops wanted to return home in the shortest possible time.

Since individual liner fleets differed widely in numbers and size of the units the extent of the losses likewise varied greatly, but every liner company ended the war in the position of having to replace a considerable proportion of its fleet. Losses naturally only represent one side of the account where national service is concerned. On the credit side ships before they were sunk rendered magnificent service and those which were fortunate enough to survive contributed still more to the war effort. As illustrating the cost of participation in naval and military duties five large P. & O. liners were lost in operations connected with the invasion of the North African coast in the autumn of 1942. They included, besides those already named, the 'Cathay' and 'Ettrick'; and as the troops carried in each vessel had been safely landed at their appointed places and the ships were destroyed when homeward bound, happily there was little loss of life. The P. & O. liner 'Rawalpindi,' specially built, like the company's other vessels, for Eastern trade, was sunk early in the war while commissioned as an armed merchant cruiser and engaged in patrolling duties in the North. When this lightly armed passenger liner, performing a naval task, encountered a heavily armed German cruiser she had no chance of survival. The loss of the 'Jervis

Bay,' of the Aberdeen and Commonwealth Line, when escorting a North Atlantic convoy was another instance of a vessel unsuited to the war duties she was called on to perform. Her captain sacrificed the ship's company and the vessel when a German cruiser appeared and by his heroic action enabled ships in the convoy to escape.

Outstanding among all merchant ships for their size and speed were the 'Queen Mary' and 'Queen Elizabeth,' of 81,000 and 85,000 tons gross respectively, belonging to Cunard White Star. Many years before the war discussion raged around the building of the 'Queen Mary.' For a time when deep depression enveloped shipping and shipbuilding, construction of the ship was stopped, and it was resumed partly with the purpose of providing much-needed work for the builders. She was completed in 1936 and proved so successful that contracts were made for the building of a sister ship, to be slightly larger than the 'Queen Mary' and to be capable of carrying out the conception of the Cunard White Star directors of a weekly service between Southampton and New York maintained by two great ships alone. When war broke out it was feared in responsible quarters that the ships, owing to their exceptional size, would prove white elephants. Later one of the present Cabinet Ministers said as much publicly in the House of Commons. The 'Queen Mary' remained for some time in dock at New York and the 'Queen Elizabeth' uncompleted at her builders, John Brown and Company, at Clydebank. Then the idea was accepted that there were great possibilities in the ships as transports and the 'Queen Mary' was sent to Australia and Singapore to be prepared for such work. She returned to Egypt laden with troops. There then began wonderful work by the vessel, first in Eastern waters and, later, in the North Atlantic in bringing American troops to Europe to the number of 15,000 at a time. The use of the 'Queen Elizabeth' started in a curious way, since she was in the fitting-out basin at Clydebank on the outbreak of war and work was promptly stopped. Later the Admiralty gave orders that she was to be moved out of the country. So she was hurriedly sent to sea in a half-finished state. Although her departure from the Clyde was seen by thousands of local residents and there was an unusually large concentration of German

bombers off the coast, the first news the world had that the ship had left her builders was that she had arrived at New York. So the largest liner ever to have been built crossed the Atlantic at a speed of 28 knots without undergoing any of the preliminary trials in sheltered waters which have always been customary before the commissioning of new ships, a remarkable testimony to the work of her builders. Subsequently a great partnership between the two Queens was instituted. They have carried scores of thousands more passengers during the last six and a half years than even the most optimistic thought they would ever transport, and they did so in conditions very different from those envisaged when the ships were designed. Luxurious fittings were torn out of the hulls and the accommodation, like the catering arrangements, became austere. Instead of the palates of passengers being tempted from early morning until late at night with attractive meals and refreshments, the work of highly skilled cooks, meals in the ships were restricted to two a day. Decks were used strictly for exercise under military supervision while the vessels, relying for safety mainly on their speed, rushed across the Atlantic laden with their human freight.

Sir Percy Bates, the Chairman of Cunard White Star, was able to report at the meeting last year that down to May 31, 1945, the two ships had carried during the war years 1,244,000 passengers, and that of these 870,000 troops were carried eastbound across the Atlantic and 213,000 westbound, making a total of 1,083,000. He liked to believe that these two vessels shortened the war in Europe by a whole year. There were two periods when their services were of exceptional significance. One was when the British armies were being hard pressed by the Germans on the Egyptian frontier. Reinforcements were urgently needed, and when the British ships brought them the tables were turned and the rout of the German invaders began. The second time was when preparations for the invasion of the Normandy coast were well advanced and it was known that the word to begin the great adventure awaited the arrival of American troops in numbers deemed sufficient for the purpose. When the wars ended the ships without rest began the task of helping to return millions of men to their homes.

Although the names of these two ships have become familiar to the public, fine work has also been done by other units of the fleet. Probably no greater service has ever been rendered to the country by any vessel than by the 'Aquitania,' of 46,000 tons gross. Built in 1914 she was first an armed cruiser, then a hospital ship, and, later, a transport during the war which immediately followed; she was then one of the principal and most popular liners in the North Atlantic during the period between the two wars; and she was again commissioned in the recent struggle. She did not equal in speed the performance of the first 'Mauretania,' but she must have proved the most profitable vessel ever built for her original owners, the Cunard Steamship Company, by which she was transferred later to Cunard White Star. Although her services in the recent wars were probably more valuable she was then remunerated at only a fraction of the rate in 1914-18, probably because of her advanced years.

Fortunately a great scheme of rebuilding and re-engining was carried through by the Union-Castle Mail Steamship Company in the years immediately preceding 1939. This programme was undertaken to enable the fleet to maintain a faster weekly service between England and South Africa, but during the recent wars the ships were directed to other duties, and during the war years and since then they have appeared, like other liners, in many ports throughout the world. Of its mail vessels the company lost the 'Warwick Castle' and 'Windsor Castle,' and a number of other and new refrigerator ships which had been specially built for the carriage of fruit from South Africa. These were employed during hostilities in carrying cargoes of meat to and from North and South America and the Mediterranean and Northern Europe, including the United Kingdom. Since vessels specially designed for the transport of bananas were commissioned as merchant cruisers it is obvious that liners of all types were employed in duties never foreseen when they were built. Ships specially constructed for cold North Atlantic voyages were sent through the Tropics to the East and ships designed for fine weather voyages in southern waters were directed to boisterous northern latitudes. Such things were done because the need for

tonnage was so urgent that whatever vessels could be spared for particular purposes had to be pressed into the service. Passenger ships were brought home from Australia, New Zealand, and the Far East because at the time of the Normandy invasion every ship that could be made available was urgently needed for duties nearer home.

Before referring to the problems involved in replacing the many liners lost an idea may be given of the effect of the war on ordinary cargo ships. Some facts concerning the havoc wrought among cargo fleets were disclosed by Sir Philip Haldin on resigning the chairmanship of the Deep Sea Tramp Section of the Chamber of Shipping, which he had held throughout the war. He pointed out that the experience of the earlier war had caused owners to foresee something of what might be expected from submarine warfare, but he doubted if any had realised that the damage would be so severe and widespread. By the end of the war nearly 75 per cent. of the deep-sea tramps owned at the beginning had been sunk. In 1938 there were 750 deep-sea tramps on the United Kingdom and Colonial registers. Down to the end of 1940 179 had been lost; 150 more were sunk in 1941; in 1942 the number destroyed was 151; and in 1943 it was 60. At one time almost one ship every day was being lost. Not until the spring of 1943 did matters really improve. Even so, 26 more ships were sunk by the end of the war, making a total of 571.

Part of the losses was made good by private construction and by the purchase of tonnage built for Government account. Yet it was estimated that at the end of last year the number of tramp ships privately owned was about 400 fewer than in 1939. Some Government-owned vessels offered to owners under an earlier scheme for partial replacement of losses were not bought for deferred delivery, and a second disposal scheme was issued at the end of last January under which, *inter alia*, deep-sea tramp ships were offered to the industry for purchase or charter, and a further batch of Canadian vessels for charter only.

The attitude of managers of passenger and cargo liners towards replacement differs from that of managers of ordinary cargo or tramp vessels. The liner companies

have regular services of specialised ships for which to provide, whether they are mainly concerned with the transport of passengers or cargo. These services were interrupted by the war and managers have been concerned to resume them at the earliest moment. Many of the shippers of cargo were unable during the war to export goods and they also need to restart their trades as soon as practicable. These exporters look to the regular lines to carry their cargo. The Ministry of War Transport have appreciated the importance of the re-establishment of the services and they have allotted vessels to the different routes as these could be spared. It has happened that during the last few months cargo liner companies have been loading in their trades vessels other than their own because their own ships were engaged on Government service.

In making their plans for replacement passenger liner managements cannot fail to be influenced by the present level of costs, which, broadly, is twice that of the years immediately preceding the war. Exact comparisons depend on the year before the war which is taken as a standard, since prices then varied considerably. When war threatened and once again naval construction became significant they began to rise. The problem of costs is serious because no provision was made for such a sharp increase in these charges either in the earning of ships before or during the war. It is customary in peace-time for owners to aim at earnings which will allow provision to be made each year for depreciation of the ships and for interest on the capital represented. The allowance aimed at for depreciation is such that when accumulated it should provide sufficient funds at the end of a ship's normal life to replace her. This provision assumes, however, that building costs remain fairly steady, and if these are doubled the allowance for depreciation only meets half the cost. No allowance for increased costs of construction was made in the terms of requisitioning agreed between the Government and the shipping industry early in the war. Limits were also placed on the amounts which could be insured against war risks with a view to checking the inevitable rise in shipping values. So it happens that large liner companies, which show considerable liquid resources in their balance-sheets, the

results of payments for vessels lost, have sufficient resources only to provide for the replacement of parts of their fleets.

When contracting for new passenger liners management have to try to foresee the conditions which will rule years ahead. First there is the question whether passage rates and freight rates which enabled, or should have permitted, depreciation and interest to be earned before the war would be adequate when these standing charges, because of higher costs of construction, will be so much higher. They have therefore to consider if passengers will be able to pay such fares as would provide accommodation comparable with that offered before the war. If the prospect of their being able to do so is unpromising then some partial relief may be sought in simpler accommodation. Then there is the degree to which sea travel may be affected by air services, and on this question only opinions can be formed. The view is widely held in the shipping industry that where speed is the primary influence passengers will choose the air, but where other factors count sea travel will be able to hold its own. A particularly optimistic view is that in the course of time sea travel may well benefit by the greater use of air services since the total volume of travel should expand. This conclusion rests on the reasoning that many who might be unable to spare the time for a sea passage each way would be able to contemplate a visit to another part of the world if either the outward or return passage could be made quickly by air. For such reasons sea and air transport are regarded as being complementary to each other.

The shipping lines have shown their readiness to take to the air, and the proposals of the late Government accorded them a place in civil aviation. Consequently the decision of the present Government that air services should be nationalised has been regretted in the shipping industry. The passenger shipping companies serving South America have been particularly active in air developments and formed British South American Airways Limited. It was under the auspices of this company that the *Starlight*, a Lancastrian aeroplane, inaugurated a service at the beginning of this year between this country and South America. She was captained for the

flight by Air Vice-Marshal D. C. T. Bennett, former chief of the R.A.F. Pathfinder Force, who last year joined the technical staff of the enterprise. The departure of the aircraft from Heathrow, the new London airport, was witnessed by the Minister of Civil Aviation, who was accompanied by his Parliamentary Secretary and the Director-General of Civil Aviation. The Starlight made the passage to Buenos Aires by way of Lisbon, Bathurst, Natal (Brazil), Rio de Janeiro, and Montevideo, and was followed a few weeks later by the Stardust on a similar proving flight. The shipping companies before the end of the war had urged the need of a British air service and were ready to employ their organisation at home and abroad for the development of air as well as of sea transport. The late Government held that these companies were best fitted to conduct the new enterprise.

So far the liner companies in making a start with rebuilding have contracted mostly for larger and faster vessels than the ships they replace. Size and speed are connected, for in order that ships fitted with more powerful engines may be as economical as less powerful ships greater length may be needed. As the faster vessels will be able to cover a larger mileage during a given period fewer vessels should be needed to provide accommodation for the same number of passengers as was available in the past. Consequently until the volume of traffic expands there may be fewer sailings, but more passengers will be carried in each vessel. As precisely comparable ships would cost twice as much as before the war the outlay on each individual vessel will be still more. Exceptionally the Union-Castle Company has contracted for two rather larger vessels than the mail ships it lost during the war, and has done so with a view to maintaining a fleet which will be able to provide a weekly mail service between the United Kingdom and South Africa, in accordance with the terms of a new ten-year mail contract entered into with the Union Government to take effect from Jan. 1, 1947.

Owners of cargo tonnage, as a rule, have proceeded cautiously with rebuilding plans. It is not surprising that the future for ordinary cargo vessels should be regarded as uncertain as long as there is doubt about the disposal of the immense volume of American tonnage

built during the war. In June 1939 the United States, according to Lloyd's Register, owned 8,910,000 tons gross of ocean-going shipping. To-day the sea-going shipping owned amounts to about 55,000,000 tons deadweight, equivalent to about 37,000,000 tons gross. In the United States the custom is to refer to deadweight tonnage, which represents the total carrying capacity of ships in tons of 20 cwt., whereas in this country the capacities in statistics are usually given in gross tonnage, being the internal cubic capacity of the ships in tons of 100 cubic feet. A rough method of conversion is that three tons deadweight are the equivalent of two tons gross in measurement.

Of the great American production due to the magnificent shipbuilding effort of the war it is proposed that only a proportion should be employed by the United States in peace-time. A Bill which was lately before the United States Senate proposed that between 15,000,000 and 20,000,000 tons deadweight, equivalent to between 10,000,000 and 13,000,000 tons gross, should be retained in service, including coastwise trades, and that half should be employed in oversea commerce. Various recommendations have been advanced by different speakers for determining the future of the United States war-built shipping. These mostly have included the treatment of a substantial proportion as a reserve to be held for use only in national emergency. The proposals have agreed that the vessels to be retained in service should be the faster and larger ships and these, it has been suggested, should be disposed of to operators at well below cost price. The future of the ships loaned to other countries has remained in doubt.

The uncertainty respecting the future of the American tonnage, although of immense importance to all the maritime nations, does not affect the simple fact that for this country a large and efficient mercantile marine is vital. This will be more important even than before the war because of the change of the relationship between Britain and other countries consequent on the disposal in the war effort of many of her oversea assets, which yielded income and helped to span the difference between the cost of essential imports and the lower value of direct exports. In 1937 the value of the shipping services

rendered by this country to others was estimated at 115,000,000*l.* and in 1938 at 90,000,000*l.* Such earnings placed shipping first among the export industries. The country has been repeatedly warned recently that its exports must be largely expanded in future in order to offset the losses of overseas investments. It has no alternative, therefore, to seeking not only to re-establish its shipping services but also to develop them. This will not be achieved by the possession of ships alone. It is at least as important that the merchant fleet should be remuneratively employed, and this must depend on the enterprise of managers in discovering and making full use of opportunities. Happily this need for the exercise of individual initiative has been recognised by the Government, which has professed its desire that the ships should be returned to the control of the managements at the earliest moment, while it must be the concern of the Government to ensure that sufficient tonnage is available for undertaking the remaining tasks devolving on shipping in clearing up the immediate effects of war, and to ensure that adequate tonnage is available for the essential needs of the country.

Through spokesmen for shipping the United States has set as an aim for itself the transport of 50 per cent. of its oversea commerce, which is regarded by those authorities as not unreasonable. Just how this object is to be achieved and reconciled with the need for other countries to earn American dollars is not clear. It would not be easy for the United States to claim that she is under the same necessity to participate in oversea transport as countries are which must live by the sea, and as a creditor nation she must allow other countries opportunities of paying their debts. In the past the United States was content that a large proportion of her commerce should be carried efficiently and cheaply by the ships of other nations, since she was able to offer employment ashore to all who wanted it and the life of the sea is hard. Only sheer necessity impels countries to maintain shipping industries to carry the goods they require for their own sustenance as well as to carry merchandise for others, and Great Britain is one of those for which this need is paramount.

CUTHBERT MAUGHAN.

Art. 3.—SPAIN AND PERSECUTION.¹

THE intellectuals of Bloomsbury, like their eighteenth-century prototypes the illuminati of the salons of Paris, claim to be the leaders of thought and culture and have been notable in being true to their historical form. They are addicted to the idea that novelty—qua novelty—is to be desired above all things, merely because it is 'modern.' The Greek intellectuals in Corinth at the time of St Paul were as equally addicted to this creed in their perpetual seeking after some new thing, as are their intellectual descendants of to-day, who preach that human nature has changed in essentials in a few brief years and that there exist certain remarkable phenomena such as 'a modern mind' or 'a modern world,' which have superseded the mind and the world existing in nature up to their own enlightened times. The modern intellectual's beliefs are certain to prove as fallacious as those of the Corinthians or the illuminati.

Unfortunately a passionate adherence to some creed or other and the unscientific approach to the subject have made it more important for these people to adhere to a partisan picture of what has taken place in Spain than to the historical facts, which can easily be discovered by objective research. The intellectuals seem to think that historical facts are a matter of opinion, whereas only one set of facts can have taken place and not two conflicting ones. To find out what are those facts is the real matter of importance and the object of the historian.

Readers may well begin to be impatient and ask what the fatuities of the past and present intellectuals can have to do with Spain, about which they hoped to read. The answer is that they have everything to do with it, for it is just these fatuities, ably exploited by a highly intelligent and revolutionary propaganda-machine, that have intentionally created, through the medium of the press throughout the world, a false picture of Spain and the Spaniards. This has caused a species of national persecution, culminating in the ostracism of Spain at San Francisco and Potsdam, and in attempting to interfere in her internal affairs. Just as the illuminati and

¹ This article was written at the end of 1945 when the author was on a visit to South America.—Ed.

freemasons (Orient) led the way for the Jacobins and the French Reign of Terror, so did the intellectuals and freemasons (Orient) lead the way to communism in Spain; both subsequently used the falsification of history as a method of whitewash for themselves and blackwash for their opponents.

The picture of Spain presented to the public is based on the following hypotheses, which the author hopes to demonstrate are quite untenable.

1. That the Spanish regime of Franco was fascist.
2. That Spain was the willing tool of the Axis during the war.
3. That General Franco was a merciless tyrant in warfare and in peace, constantly filling his prisons and concentration camps with millions of prisoners, whose treatment was similar to that of the worst German camps.
4. That Spain in 1945 was starving, poverty stricken, discontented, and oppressed.
5. That the majority of Spaniards are sighing to get rid of the Franco regime and for the return of the exiled republican politicians.

Readers of the articles on Spain which have appeared from time to time in the 'Quarterly' will be able to see the fallaciousness of these hypotheses, for they will know how events have constantly falsified the opinions and prophecies about Spain expressed by left-wing intellectuals, most of the press,* and certain politicians. The same subtle and insidious propaganda has exploited a defect, common in Great Britain, but even more common in the U.S.A., of believing that a foreigner looks or ought to look at the world through British or American eyes or lenses. This is no more true than the fallacy of the 'new world' and both ideas are negations of the very basis of Spanish character and thought, which hardly change at all throughout the years, are essentially individualistic, and care little what the foreigner may think about Spain as long as he does not attempt any physical interference with purely Spanish affairs.

No man should, though many do, dare to express an opinion or judgment on a Spanish problem unless he has lived for some years in Spain and has read his Ford or

* The Catholic press and a few of our London monthlies and weeklies must in fairness be excepted from this criticism.

Borrow to see how Spain thought and lived a hundred years ago. Before destroying the hypotheses set forth above, it will be of help to give a few quotations from that great book of travel Ford's 'Handbook on Spain,' published like the 'Quarterly' by Mr John Murray, to show the background of Spanish unchangeableness, localism, individualism, and patriotism, which in themselves stultify several of those hypotheses.

'The utter impossibility of treating Spain (where union is not unity) as a whole. There is no king of Spain; among the infinity of kingdoms, the list of which swells out the royal style, that of "Spain" is not found; he is King of the Spains, Rex Hispaniarum, "Rey de las Españas," not "Rey de España."' (p. 2.)

'The inhabitants of the different provinces think, indeed, that Madrid is the greatest and richest court in the world, but their hearts are in their native localities. "Mi paisano," my fellow countryman, or rather my fellow county-man, fellow parishioner, does not mean Spaniard, but Andalucian, Catalanian as the case may be. When a Spaniard is asked, Where do you come from? the reply is, "Soy hijo de Murcia—hijo de Granada," I am a son of Murcia—a son of Granada'. (p. 3.)

'Common danger and interest scarcely can keep them together . . . the common enemy once removed, they instantly fall to loggerheads among each other . . . : scarcely ever, as in the East, can the energy of one individual bind the loose staves by the iron power of a master mind; remove the band and the centrifugal members instantly disunite. Thus the virility and vitality of the noble people have been neutralised.' (p. 4.)

'The much used phrase *Españolismo* expresses rather a "dislike of foreign dictation" and the "self-estimation" of Spaniards, *Españoles sobre todos*, than any really patriotic love of country, however highly they rate its excellencies and superiority to every other one under heaven; the opinion is condensed in one of those pithy proverbs which, nowhere more than in Spain, are the exponents of popular sentiment: it runs thus, "Quien dice España, dice todo," which means, "Whoever says Spain, says everything." (p. 4.)

Thus wrote Ford over a hundred years ago, and foreign hispanophils and residents in Spain must confess that what he wrote is as true to-day as yesterday.

These are rather long quotations for an article that pretends to originality, but they illustrate, better than

this author can hope to do, the unchangeableness of the Spaniard, his pride, nobility, selfishness, ingratitude, and ineradicable peninsularism ; they illustrate some of the reasons why Spain could never be the tool of the Axis, why she must return to the monarchy, and why republicanism has been a failure in Spain ; and they illustrate, to those who read with vision, the fact that the persecution carried on by the intellectuals and left-wingers of the world is in essence a persecution of Spain because she is Spanish and Catholic, and not merely a persecution of her particular regime. It is a sad pity that this persecution should take place at the moment when throughout the world the battle is joined between the forces representing class warfare and atheism on one side, and on the other the forces of Christianity and the ancient Mediterranean civilisation to which both Spain and England belong.

Let us now try to answer the above hypotheses.

1. *That the Spanish regime of Franco was fascist.*— This is only true if, owing to the present confused use of words, ' fascist ' and ' anti-communist ' are synonymous ; then and then only can the Franco regime be described as fascist. A study of the twenty-six points of Falange and the Italian fascist creed will show how different they are ; they have similarities such as both being based on a corporative system and perpendicular representation, but the differences are too great for them to be covered by a single name ; while Spain's system was irrevocably based on the family and the Church, which cannot be said of fascism. In their practice still more than their professions can be seen the differences between the two regimes, for the strength of Spanish individualism and the Church are visible at every turn, in contrast to the Italian extreme state worship and supreme bureaucracy. But if ' fascist ' means, as it does in Russia, anti-communist, then indeed the Spanish regime has been fascist, for Spain still bleeds and her people still mourn from the assassinations and the misery which they know they endured owing to communism. It is another proof, so visible to-day in Europe, that only those who have experienced communism are able to understand and appreciate its horrors and the moral and material chaos that it always brings with it ; that is another reason

why Britain and the U.S.A. miscomprehend things Spanish.

2. *That Spain was the willing tool of the Axis during the war.*—Notwithstanding the subservience of the extreme left wing of Falange and its press to German control from 1939–42, this hypothesis is controverted by the fact that, to the immeasurable benefit of the Allies, General Franco kept Spain on the tight rope of neutrality and non-belligerency, and the Germans were prevented from invading the Peninsula, from possessing themselves of the Iberian ports, and from presenting themselves before Gibraltar and invading North-west Africa. Notwithstanding General Franco's belief in 1940–42 (almost universal at that time outside the British Empire) that Germany would win, and his sympathy with her for her supposed anti-communism, yet he resisted Hitler's requests for adherence to the Axis and obliged the führer to come to him in the Pyrenees as a suppliant instead of going himself to Berchtesgaden, when summoned. A full story of Spain's neutrality and its effects was published in the 'Quarterly' in April 1944, and need not be repeated here.

3. *That General Franco is a merciless tyrant in warfare and in peace, filling his prisons and concentration camps with millions of prisoners.*—That General Franco was merciful in warfare is accepted in Spain even by his opponents; they cannot do otherwise. The evidence of the joy with which the inhabitants of the territory and towns he liberated received him is one adequate proof. Another is that, though in the last year of the civil war he had control of the air, he held his hand and only destroyed port, or military objectives; let the doubter inquire of the condition of Madrid, Barcelona, and Valencia immediately after the civil war: he will find out how small was the amount of destruction effected except to oil tanks and ports, and will think of the contrast with Coventry, Frankfurt, Berlin, and Nagasaki. The myth of Guernica was finally exploded by visitors who found that at no time had more than a third of the town been destroyed.

The question of Spanish prisons and concentration camps was an unfailing method of left-wing intellectual attacks on Spain throughout the war. It was an

ungrateful attack, because thousands of British, French, Poles, etc., were being constantly evacuated through those prisons and camps to fight for the Allies, while the Spaniards closed their eyes or looked the other way; most of the escapers could not speak publicly and contradict the calumnies against Spain for security reasons, though most of them desired well of those without whose complacency and assistance they would not have been free. No one pretends that prisons are comfortable resorts in any country, but it was an untruthful attack which attributed torture or persecution to Spanish prison conditions. This was evidenced by the personal accounts of escapers and the written and published evidence of Eli Rubin, an Austrian Jew, who with his wife spent three years in a series of prisons and camps, and of M. d'Yddevalle, a Belgian journalist, who also sampled several prisons and camps. It was also an untruthful attack, and one unsupported by any evidence, as regards the numbers incarcerated. Violent propagandists would talk of a million or a million and a half without an atom of statistical evidence, which in any case it would have been impossible to collect except through official channels. Official declarations, which were supported by the evidence of the well-known amnesties, showed that at no time had there been more than a quarter of a million prisoners (a small number when it is remembered that the massacres of the terror amounted to 300,000 to 400,000), that by July 1945 progressive amnesties and releases had eliminated all persons guilty of purely political offences, and that in mid-1945 there remained officially less than 40,000 prisoners of all classes in all Spain. Unless and until evidence can be produced to the contrary, these reasonable figures may be accepted with fair confidence.

4. *Spain is starving, poverty stricken, discontented, and oppressed.*—Though in 1940–41 Spain passed through a period of great scarcity and in certain regions of acute starvation, she has gradually been able to climb out of her penury and the great difficulties caused first by her three years' civil war and then by the world war; observers on the spot have been able to report that she is to-day, notwithstanding a severe drought, a country flowing with milk and honey, and with food and economic

conditions better than those of almost any other country in Europe. This illustrates the recuperative powers of Spain and the astonishing amount of reconstruction that has taken place since the civil war. Not only is Spain now comparatively well-fed and prosperous but, starting from scratch in 1939 (for all her bullion reserves of 150,000,000*l.* had been seized and sent by Dr Negrin's government to Russia), she has to-day such large sterling reserves in England that Spain has actually paid off debentures and capital of certain English concerns to the tune of 6,000,000*l.* Figures given in September in the 'Financial Times' were to the effect that Spain had already accumulated gold reserves to the amount of 400,000,000 pesetas, and this is since 1940, when Spain had no gold reserve and no foreign currency.

Let no one presume to think that the writer suggests for a moment that there is no poverty and discontent in Spain; they exist there as they always must, and as they do in parts of every country in Southern Europe, in regions where it is impossible for a peasantry to wrest a living from a dry and poverty-stricken soil, as in parts of Estramadura and Andalucia; poverty and discontent also exist in big industrial centres in Spain as elsewhere in the world. Spain is not immune from the defects of mankind, and without some measure of political discontent would not be Spain, but observers and residents confirm that she is to-day one of the most happy, free, and contented countries of Europe.

Since the end of the civil war the construction and reconstruction that have taken place in Spain, in the social and educational fabric, the economic conditions, the railways, public buildings, schools, shipbuilding and locomotive building, irrigation and agriculture, have indeed been notable. The writer has the greatest distrust of all statistics and especially of Spanish statistics, caused by the experience of a long commercial career; he will not therefore cite the statistics appearing in the press and Spanish official publications, though there is no reason to reject the general conclusions carefully arrived at above, which are evident to the eye and proved in part by Spanish bank balances; this is also shown by the recent full subscription of Spanish internal loans within a few hours of their opening.

5. *That the majority of Spaniards are sighing to get rid of the Franco regime and for the return of the exiled republican politicians.*—Of all the false hypotheses, this is perhaps the most inaccurate and the most generally believed, chiefly because the left-wing intellectuals of all countries, the exiled republicans, with their ill-gotten fortunes, and the powerful organisations of communism together with their massive propaganda network, are all working intelligently and tirelessly through the press and publishers to impress their belief on the world. Their propaganda has been so successful that, abandoning the Atlantic Charter, the nations assembled at San Francisco and Potsdam agreed to boycott Spain until she should produce an internal regime and a government of which they approved, without any consultation of the Spaniards as visualised in the Atlantic Charter. It is as gross an example of that sometime British and even more U.S.A. failing, of what may be called the nursemaid mentality, the policy of knowing what other people want better than they know themselves; it is also a sad example of injustice and lack of logic, as it penalises what its protagonists are pleased to call 'fascist' because it is 'undemocratic,' while they applaud and take to their bosoms the most oligarchic and undemocratic systems that the world has perhaps ever experienced—I mean the communist regime of the United Socialist Soviet Republics and the present regimes in Poland, the Baltic States, and Yugo-Slavia.

So successful have the propaganda armies been that the San Francisco and Potsdam attacks on Spain were followed in September by a similar intensive and anti-charter declaration against Spain by the U.S. Secretary of State. This left Mr Churchill and Mr Bevin, and in a modified sense General de Gaulle, as the only prominent statesmen of the time who appeared unaffected by anti-Spanish propaganda. This is a matter of fact and not of opinion; let those that run read Mr Bevin's speeches in the House of Commons, and the exchange in July of letters between Mr Churchill and General Franco, which were only published in September last.

There appears little doubt that the majority of vocal foreign opinion wishes to expel the Franco regime from Spain and much of it is in favour of the self-elected

unconstitutional rump Cortes and its officials in Mexico, ignoring that the return of the latter means a renewal of the civil war and terror, which cost Spain so much blood and treasure. The internal opinion within Spain is another matter. Though the conservative elements wish ardently that General Franco should surrender power unconditionally to the Infante Don Juan, and Falange, which is left wing, is discontented with General Franco because he has constantly and progressively curtailed their powers, yet the vast majority of Spaniards are contented with the great blessings of internal safety, order, and rehabilitation that General Franco has given their country, and before all things desire to prevent a return to the well-remembered misery of the civil war. Spain is probably back or nearly back to the same condition of prosperity that she attained under the dictatorship of General Primo de Rivera.

The public abroad suffers from three illusions about Spain.

(a) Falange is not synonymous with Spain nor Spain with Falange. Falange became gradually and overwhelmingly left wing and not right wing as it was in 1939; it had become more and more pro-German, totalitarian, socialist, and bureaucratic, until its ideology balanced itself on that very narrow path that lies between communism and national-socialism. Starting as the one national party of Spain in 1937, it was in 1945 only representative of a left-wing minority opposed by all the conservative elements of Spain.

(b) The last Republican government was neither constitutional nor democratic, though Spaniards cared deeply about neither. A republic is foreign to the tradition and thought of Spain, both of whose essays in republicanism have been costly failures. This is not forgotten, nor is the terror that took place in 1936-39, under republican colours, nor are the characters of many of the republican exiles or the grand fortunes that some of them illicitly acquired at the expense of their fellow countrymen. It is a farcical illusion to talk and think of a Spain sighing for the return of these men to give them greater happiness or freedom.

(c) That Spain can be coerced into providing an internal regime at the dictation of foreigners except by

military conquest is perhaps the greatest illusion of all. A superficial knowledge of Spanish character and history will show that she is intensely patriotic, individualistic, and, if provoked, strongly xenophobe. Nothing could be better calculated to solidify Spanish opinion behind the present regime of General Franco than such attempted dictation as the September declaration of the U.S. Secretary of State, or the circular in July 1945 of three liberal M.P.s calling on Parliament to ostracise Spain, or the motion with that same object passed by the French Committee of Foreign Affairs in August last.

The respective activities and prospects of monarchists and republicans up to the end of 1944 have been already described in the 'Quarterly' and it is not intended to describe them again in detail. The various monarchist manifestos of the Duke of Alba and Juan Ventosa, the army Generals, Gil Robles, and the university professors, were there duly described, as was also General Franco's reluctance to surrender power except in his own good time and to a monarch of his own choice under a constitution chosen by him. This attitude of General Franco naturally aroused the opposition of the Infante and of his most ardent followers, and in March 1945 he issued from Geneva a proclamation to all Spaniards definitely severing himself from General Franco's projects and policy and calling on his fellow countrymen to return to the monarchy as the only hope of permanent peace and tranquility for Spain. His manifesto is such a clear outline of Spain's history since the departure in 1931 of Alfonso XIII, and an indication of his policy in the event of a restoration, that it is well to give a verbatim translation of its most important passages :

'Since April 1931, when the King my father decided to suspend his royal prerogatives, Spain has endured one of the most tragic periods in her history. During the five years of republican government, the state of insecurity and anarchy caused by innumerable acts of violence, strikes, and disorders of all sorts, culminated in the civil war, which for three years desolated our country and drenched her in blood. The King's generous sacrifice of abandoning his country so as to save her from bloodshed turned out to be useless.

'To-day, six years after the end of our civil war, General Franco's regime, which is inspired by the totalitarian systems

of the Axis, contrary to the character and tradition of Spain, is quite incompatible with the conditions of the world brought about by the present war. The regime's foreign policy is also fatal for our nation's future. Spain runs the great risk of finding herself dragged into a new civil war and isolated entirely from the rest of the world. The present regime, however great may be its efforts to adapt itself to the new conditions, runs a double danger, and a new republic, however moderate in its intentions and beginnings, would inevitably find itself pushed by partisans into one of the extremes, thus provoking the other and causing a civil war.

'The traditional monarchy can be the instrument of peace and concord, which will reconcile Spaniards; only the monarchy is able to obtain respect for Spain abroad by following a policy of strict justice, order, and liberty based on the christian idea of the State. Millions of Spaniards of far differing ideologies are convinced that this is true and see in the monarchy the salvation of Spain.

'Ever since I assumed the duties and rights of the crown of Spain, after the renunciation and death of King Alfonso XIII in 1941, I have expressed my disagreement with the foreign and domestic policy of General Franco. Through the medium of letters to General Franco and to my representative I have set on record my disapproval of his regime and I have twice expressed in the press how much I was opposed to him in fundamentals.

'For all these reasons I have resolved, in order to free my conscience from the heavy weight of daily increasing responsibility, to call solemnly on General Franco to recognise the failure of his conception of the totalitarian State, to surrender his power and to allow the free restoration of Spain's traditional regime, as the only one capable of guaranteeing religion, order, and liberty.

'Under the reconciliation, justice, and tolerance of a monarchy, it will be possible to introduce all the reforms necessary to the national interests. First and foremost among these will be: immediate approval by popular vote of a political constitution, which shall recognise the inherent rights of man and a guarantee of his political liberty; the establishment of a legislative assembly elected by the nation; recognition of the diversity of different regions; complete political amnesty; a greater fairness in the distribution of wealth and the suppression of unfair class distinctions, which are not only contrary to the precepts of christianity but are also dangerously opposed to the political and economic tendency of the present day.

'I am raising no banner of rebellion and I incite no one to sedition, but I must remind those responsible for the present regime of the immense responsibility they incur by continuing a situation which runs the risk of dragging the country into an irreparable catastrophe.

'Putting my faith in God and in my inalienable rights and duties, I await the moment when I shall be able to realise my chief desire—Peace and Concord for all Spaniards. Long live Spain.'

As a result of the proclamation the Duke of Alba resigned his embassy in London, and some other prominent officials in Spain also resigned their posts, feeling that loyalty to their King and service to General Franco's government were no longer compatible. The Duke's letter of resignation depicted that incompatibility in dignified words and noble thoughts and pointed out how necessary to Spain's interests abroad it was to have a change of regime owing to the unpopularity of that in existence ; he said he had repeatedly urged on his government that 'in order to place Spain more in harmony with the post-victory spirit of the world and most especially of the Anglo-Saxon world, I consider indispensable a change in our regime and in our policy, giving preference to a policy which will eliminate any sign of totalitarianism and that part of Falange which is looked upon with so much aversion in those countries (the Anglo-Saxon).'

This can be said to cover the pure monarchist attitude towards the Franco regime, and it was fully justified by the events at San Francisco and Potsdam and by the other attacks on Spain depicted above.

The failure in Spain, as in southern Europe generally, of a parliamentary system similar to that of England has been proved by 140 years of sad and bitter experience and it is to be hoped will be abandoned for the older parliamentary system of Spain, which proved to be more suitable and in accord with Spanish nature. That system will only be outlined here as a system similar to the traditional system of the Catholic monarchs (Ferdinand and Isabella) based on the monarchy, council of state, cortes (parliament), municipalities, syndicates or guilds, and the Christian Church ; representation would generally be perpendicular instead of horizontal, but at the same time partly regional.

It is such a system that Prince Juan has favoured and illustrated in his manifestos and writings.

Reference has been made above to the activities of the exiled republicans in Mexico, where the rump of the old Cortes, said to consist of about 100 members, have, in infraction of various clauses of their own constitution, elected themselves the representatives of the Spanish people and elected Sr Martinez Barrio, their former speaker, as president of the Spanish Republic in exile. There are still splits and factions among the exiles, and it is almost a sign of grace that they could not stomach Dr Negrin in their councils, at which those acquainted with his history will not be surprised. For details of the history of the originally illegal election of the Cortes, of which the exiles are the rump, of the personal history of many of the exiles, and of how their regime entirely failed to rule in their own house during and before the civil war and resulted in the terror, reference can be made to the contemporary Spanish press and contemporary histories such as de Madariaga's 'Spain' and the writer's 'World War in Spain.' Historical facts do not change because certain people choose to ignore them or forget them, and to the historian it is quite incongruous and even farcical that a self-elected government of exiles of this sort can be acclaimed by the press of the world as candidates with a serious possibility of being called to rule successfully in Spain.

The left-wing intellectuals and press, however, care for none of these things and are as violent partisans of the Mexican Caucus as they are opposed to the Franco regime; they are also ideological enemies of the monarchical idea, because it is based on tradition, history, and Christianity. It appears incongruous to anyone, and especially to a Briton, with his strong monarchical tendencies, that this should be so. Apart from his characteristic loyalty to his sovereigns, it would be well to remember the fate of Britons and of their possessions in Spain at the hands of the republic and of these very same men that our intellectuals now wish to re-establish in power. The following are the historical facts:

In republican Spain in 1936, practically all British business properties were confiscated from their owners and the British inhabitants of what was then called

Republican Spain had to be evacuated by the British navy, because their lives were not safe. No business was confiscated in, nor did any British citizen have to be evacuated from, any of the territory under the control of General Franco and his followers. Not only was this so, but when General Franco's armies conquered any republican territory, they at once returned the properties to their rightful owners. In order that there may be no doubt about these statements, it is well to cite the cases of the two most powerful British organisations in Spain. The Barcelona Traction, Light and Power Co., situated in republican Spain, and representing some 20,000,000*l.* of British and foreign capital and possessing enormous hydro-electric works, found these properties seized in 1937, and handed over to the workmen with true communist technique, and their British staff had to be evacuated to British men-of-war. As soon as the territories containing their works or properties were conquered by General Franco's men they were returned to their owners, whose employees thereupon returned to their work and homes. The experience of the Rio Tinto Mining company was exactly similar if of shorter duration.

It has been said above that Mr Churchill, Mr Bevin, and perhaps General de Gaulle are the only statesmen who have not been carried along with the prevailing propaganda into a policy of ostracism and of interference in the internal affairs of Spain. This was illustrated, as regards General de Gaulle, by the signing in September of a commercial treaty between France and Spain. It was illustrated powerfully in Mr Bevin's great speech on foreign affairs on the accession to power of the Labour Government, and it was illustrated in Mr Churchill's letter in reply to General Franco's letter of Oct. 18, 1944, that is to say some time before the end of the war with Germany. This correspondence, which was only given to the public in Sept. 1945, will be dealt with here more in detail as containing matter of considerable interest and importance pertinent to our subject.

General Franco's letter, which was addressed by him to the Duke of Alba for communication to the Prime Minister, started on a friendly note recalling the Prime Minister's friendly words in 1944 about Spain and about

the importance to Great Britain of her neutrality, and then stated that

'the serious situation in Europe and the role which Spain and England will have to play in the future order of Western Europe make it advisable that we should clarify our relationships, freeing them from a series of disputes and small incidents, which have embittered them over the last two years. . . .

'Since we cannot believe in the good faith of Communist Russia, and since we know the insidious power of Bolshevism, we must take account of the fact of the weakening or destruction of her neighbours will greatly increase Russia's ambition and powers making necessary more than ever an intelligent and understanding attitude on the part of the Western countries. . . .

'But once Germany is destroyed, England will have only one single country left in Europe towards which she can turn her eyes—Spain. . . . What we deduce from that is clear; reciprocal friendship between England and Spain is desirable.'

So far the letter showed wisdom and an appreciation of the situation, which subsequent events have amply confirmed, but that it was unsound statesmanship to invite Great Britain to form with Spain an anti-Russian bloc at a moment when Britain and Russia were allies, struggling against a common foe, can hardly be in doubt.

General Franco proceeded to review the reasons for the embittered Anglo-Spanish relations, which he attributed to the abuse of Spain by the British press and to the constant interference, both open and underground, of British agents in internal Spanish affairs. This was undoubtedly most impolitic and counteracted the favourable impression of the first part of the letter. It was also untrue in fact and in implication, for the chief reasons for the embitterment are clearly on one side the pro-Germanism of Falange, of General Franco, and of his one time foreign secretary Sr Serrano Suñer, the sending of the blue legion to fight against Russia, and the control by Germans of the Spanish press from 1939-43, and on the other side unfair abuse and misstatement by the British press and the B.B.C. about Spain, Spanish hatred of Russia and communism, and the identification in British opinion of Spain with pro-German Falange.

In his reply Mr Churchill rebuked General Franco for his misstatements about British agents, which had 'no

foundation whatsoever' and for his failure to give the real causes of Anglo-Spanish embitterment; he further rebuked him for suggesting that 'H.M. government would be ready to consider any bloc of Powers based on hostility to our Russian allies.' Mr Churchill's reply also emphasised the British desire that 'the relations between the peoples of Spain and Britain should be sincere and intimate,' and recalled the benefits to the Allies of Spain's neutrality; he proceeded to complain of Spain's attitude in 1940 over Tangier, in which, however, he appeared to conflict with statements by Mr Eden, when Foreign Secretary, from time to time in the House of Commons to the effect that British interests were fully protected in Tangier and with the readiness of Spain in 1945 to return to the pre-war status.

Mr Churchill further stated that 'it is out of the question for H.M. government to support Spanish aspirations to participate in the future peace settlements. Neither do I think that Spain will be invited to join the future world organisation.'

If the differences between the British-French and the U.S.A. official attitudes towards Spain were as has been indicated, the former was a stimulus to the monarchists and the latter to the exiled republicans.

As time goes on the return of the monarchy appears more and more probable.

A student of affairs cannot but be increasingly impressed with the transcendental importance of Spain and Spain's history at the present moment and throughout the past generation; an understanding of this will explain much that is difficult in recent history.

As in the sixteenth century, when Spain was the spear-point of Christendom against the Crescent and the bull's-eye for Islam's attack, which she defeated in 1571 at the battle of Lepanto, so in this century she has been the spear-point of Western Christian civilisation against the Sickle and Hammer and the bull's-eye for communist attack, which she defeated in 1939 after three years of bloody civil war. The attack began with an article by Lenin dated Oct. 21, 1917,* which specified that the establishment of a Soviet in Spain was part of his pro-

* 'Works of Lenin,' Russian edition, vol. xxi, pp. 319-320.

jected world revolution. From that date the existence of tireless work, partly open and partly underground, in Spain by the Comintern and its agents was evident; a study of their own publications and subsequent events prove that the studied policy was to create a revolution in Spain through the destruction of the monarchy, then the coming into the open of the Spanish communists with a Popular Front, then the civil war as a prelude to the dictatorship of the proletariat. Communism won successfully its two first objects, but was defeated over the third, for which it has never forgiven Spain and has continued to seek and find revenge. Defamation of Spain, as pointed out above, has become the very touchstone of left-wing orthodoxy.

ARTHUR F. LOVEDAY.

Art. 4.—HESTER THRALE.

1. *Hester Lynch Piozzi (Mrs Thrale)*. By James L. Clifford. 1941.
2. *Thraliana: the Diary of Mrs Hester Lynch Thrale, 1776-1809*. Edited by Katharine C. Balderston. 1942.
3. *Anecdotes of the late Samuel Johnson, LL.D., during the last twenty years of his life*. By Hester Lynch Piozzi. Edited by S. C. Roberts. 1925.
4. *Letters to and from the late Samuel Johnson, LL.D.* Published from the original MSS. in her possession by Hester Lynch Piozzi. 1788.
5. *Autobiography, Letters and Literary Remains of Mrs Piozzi (Thrale)*. Edited by A. Hayward. 2nd ed. 1861.
6. *The Queeney Letters; being letters addressed to Hester Maria Thrale by Dr Johnson, Fanny Burney and Mrs Thrale-Piozzi*. Edited by the Marquis of Lansdowne. 1934.

And other works.

It often happens that the lesser figures which circle round a great figure, like planets round a sun, receive less than their due of attention while there is still fresh knowledge of the great man to be gathered; but that when that

process is complete or more or less complete, the satellites come to be studied in their own right.

This has been the case of James Boswell, and something of the same kind has happened to another of the lesser lights which circled round the luminary of Johnson, though with differences. Mrs Thrale outlived Boswell by a quarter of a century, dying in 1821, leaving behind her (like him) manuscript diaries and correspondence. Also she had the misfortune to be seen through the jealous eyes of Boswell, whose great book she had anticipated with her 'Anecdotes' and with her letters to and from Johnson.

In 1833 her friend the Rev. Edward Mangin published 'Piozziana, or recollections of the late Mrs Piozzi, with remarks'; and some thirty years later Abraham Hayward, Q.C., produced a large inchoate book on her, incorporating a good deal of her own writing. After that she was largely forgotten except in so far as she played a part in the life of Johnson. But in the last few years two American scholars have done her justice in ample fashion: Mr James L. Clifford in a full-length biography, 1941, and Miss Katharine C. Balderston in an exhaustive edition (1942) of 'Thraliana,' the diary (one of several) which she kept from the days of her first marriage till she was in her late sixties and for the second time a widow.

She came of an old and romantic Welsh ancestry, some of it, after the way of older Welsh history, apocryphal. She was a Salusbury, and counted Catherine of Berain among her forebears. Her father, John Salusbury of Bach-y-Craig, Flint, was a landed gentleman, decayed in fortune but full of pride, so much so that he contumeliously drove away Hester's first suitor, a rising lawyer and afterwards a man of distinction. John Salusbury was improvident, unbalanced, and violent. We might apply to him the phrase used by John Dunton of a printer of the same name, 'a desperate hypergorgonic Welshman,' but he had charm, and his daughter was attached to him. Her mother, a Cotton, was a notable and a well-educated woman, who taught the bright child French, while she learnt Italian and Spanish from her equally notable aunt, and had lessons in Latin from Dr Arthur Collier, who, rather after the manner of Swift with Stella and Vanessa, but without Swift's disaster,

had a tenderness for her and also for the charming and beautiful Sophy Streatfeild, who followed Hester as his pupil; this Sophy was none other than the curious girl who figured later in the Thrales' Streatham circle, and who had that enviable gift of shedding tears at will for the amusement of any company she happened to be in.

In spite of all this education Hester afterwards described herself as having been 'a complete spoiled child.' She became an excellent horsewoman, and learned from the coachman to drive. But she was bookish and literary as well. 'Pen and ink ever amuse me,' wrote Boswell, and she could have said the same. All her life she was never far from her pen—and she undoubtedly enjoyed her own splendid handwriting. She began to write almost before she could read. She was not, as she is constantly called, 'a bluestocking.' Macaulay is unfair in speaking of her 'little amusing airs of a half-learned lady.' She was not, indeed, and did not pretend to be a scholar; but she had one of those excellent private educations which were quite common before girls' schools as we know them existed; those of her time, Johnson said, were 'roosts of ignorance.'

The mother and daughter were in the difficult position of being the poor relations of a wealthy man. Hester was the heiress apparent of her uncle, Sir Thomas Salusbury Cotton, of Offley Park, Hertfordshire, a widower, and there she was brought up and married. But Sir Thomas remarried, making some provision for his sister-in-law and niece; in after years money relations with the second Lady Cotton embittered years of Mrs Thrale's life. The girl was an eligible *parti* enough, with some money and with, if not much regular beauty, which matters less, at least unusual vivacity and charm. Soon there appeared a suitor, oddly paying his addresses more to the mother than to the daughter, in the person of the wealthy brewer, Henry Thrale, and the match was arranged.

Not, however, without a certain sense of *mésalliance* on the part of the Cottons and Salusburys, including Hester herself, at thus allying an old landed family with prosperous trade, on the principle enunciated by Madame de Sévigné's daughter, that even the best land needs periodical manuring. Her father, indeed, disapproved

violently of the match, but his sudden death removed this obstacle. To us, among whom classes are so much more interwoven, this *mauvaise honte* seems needless. Thrale was not a new man, but the third of the dynasty in the Southwark brewery, which had been taken over by his grandfather. He was an Eton and Oxford man, and had made the Grand Tour with one of the Lytteltons of Hagley; he was familiar with the best society, and had polished manners. Moreover, before misfortune had unsettled his mind, he was gay, 'a merry, talking man'; and, like his wife, he enjoyed the pleasures of literature.

Pressed by her mother and uncle, Hester accepted her suitor, but without enthusiasm, and with none of the romance which the ardent girl in her heart desired. Brought up among Welsh squires and learned lawyers, she settled down to do her duty as the wife of this dignified, educated man of business, in his homes at the brewery and at Streatham Park; and her widowed mother accompanied her.

At first it was a very circumscribed life. In Thrale's view a woman's place was the bedroom or the drawing-room, for the kitchen, where also she might naturally have expected to reign, was the peculiar province of her husband, gourmet and (in later days at least) gourmand. In the bedroom she certainly fulfilled her functions, bearing from first to last no fewer than twelve children, many of whom (perhaps from some hereditary taint on their father's side) died in infancy; of the one son, Henry, and of the surviving girls there will be more to tell. The first child, Hester, whom Johnson named 'Queen Esther' or (as she was and is generally called) 'Queeney,' was born on Sept. 17, 1764.

In the drawing-room, too, the young wife was notable, a bright clever talker and a great attraction to the sort of guests Thrale wished to have about him, men with breeding or ideas, or, if possible, both. For with all his aristocratic upbringing, Thrale was no snob. His bachelor friends indeed were of high breeding, if of less high morals, frequenters of the card table and the *coulisses*; but these friends were not invited to meet his wife. Rather he looked for out-of-the-way and interesting men, artists and writers. When, on the second Thursday of January 1765 (Mrs Thrale being well over her confinement), his

friend the dramatist Arthur Murphy brought his old friend Johnson to dinner, it was at least ostensibly to meet the shoemaker poet Woodhouse. We do not know what awkward social habits the shoemaker may have displayed in unaccustomed polite dining-rooms and drawing-rooms, but they can have been no more awkward than Johnson's voracious eating, the legacy of years of semi-starvation and want of feminine society, his rollings and twitchings and mutterings. It is to the credit of the Thrales that all these things were forgotten by them in the charm of his intellectual talk and of his warm heart. Murphy had doubtless told them something of the queer household of infirm or destitute and cantankerous protégées his large charity had taken in and supported on the modest pension the young King had given him a couple of years before.

So began the friendship of twenty years which has made Mrs Thrale's name famous. Johnson dined with her and her husband every Thursday for the rest of that winter; and soon he had his own room and spent much of his time with them. He was company for the young wife while 'my master' was at business. Together they translated the metres of Boethius, a work which they never published, as they learned that another writer was translating them. Johnson became less slovenly in dress, though we are told that it was necessary for a servant to stand ready to clap a new wig on his head as he went in to dinner. And he learned, at least partially, to control himself in the heat of talk—or at any rate to endure control. Thrale could say, 'Now, Dr Johnson, that is enough on education till after dinner,' for Johnson was not merely his guest, but deeply respected him. Similarly, when Johnson tried some risky chemical experiment in the garden summer-house at Streatham, it was Thrale who put a stop to it before any harm was done.

The Thrale home was a blessing to Johnson. It gave him space, comfort, refinement, quiet, distraction from his own thoughts, a refuge from the objects of his own charity at home; fear of being met by their complaints on his doorstep often, he owned to Fanny Burney, made him fear to go home. In the evening there were Thrale and other guests, and at other times of the day (and often of the night) young Mrs Thrale provided bright company

with some literary talk and play. He became dependent on her. To her and to her alone he confided his secret fear, 'a secret dearer to him than life,' deeper even than his fear of death, the fear of insanity; for his father had also been afflicted with the 'vile melancholy' which he had inherited, and which, be it said, his habits of food and sleep did less than nothing to remove. It was his fear of a sleepless bed that kept Mrs Thrale sitting up with him, making endless tea. In fact she nursed him in mind as well as in body; in his own pathetic words she 'soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched,' a sentence which might be epitaph enough for any woman.

And Johnson in his turn was a blessing to her. Since her tutor she had had no bookish friend, and if she had had a father she had never had a wise one. Johnson advised her—and indeed all the household—on all manner of topics, including dress. And he brought other good company, such as the members of his Club—Reynolds, Burke, and on occasions Boswell—some of whose portraits, by Reynolds, were hung in the Streatham dining-room.

One of his best pieces of advice to her was his recommendation that she should keep a diary and write in it whatever had struck her during the day. For her constant pregnancies gave her much else wasted time, and in a journal she could free her mind of its moods and especially of its occasional and not unnatural peevishness, while we may be thankful for the mass of knowledge that she thus preserved for posterity. She began with 'The Children's Book,' and in 1777 her husband gave her a handsome blank volume which he said she could call 'Thraliana.' Had he only given it her sooner! As it was she made it cover, though of course not as a diary, much that had happened before its opening date, and inserted a long account of Johnson. 'Thraliana' was her constant recourse for the next twenty years. The MS. is now in the Huntington Library in California, and is the text which Miss Balderston has now most excellently edited, some use having already been made of it by other writers, most recently Mr James Clifford.

The degradation of being in trade, such as it was, was not without its consolations, for the brewery prospered in those early years, and the Thrales were rich and well able to be luxurious and hospitable. Thrale, being born

to it, had, of course, no sense of degradation ; on the contrary, his pride in the brewery was enormous and hardly sane ; his darling ambition was 'to outbrew Whitbread.' Also he speculated, under the influence of a rogue named Humphrey Jackson ; one of these schemes was a new method of brewing beer without malt or hops—it has a sinister modern sound—and another was a mixture for cleaning ships' bottoms. When thousands had been sunk in these inventions and a year's brewings spoiled, there was a panic in the City, in 1772, and the business was narrowly saved from bankruptcy by loans from such of the couple's female relations as had anything to lend. Mrs Thrale now showed a new talent. Ignorant of business, she threw herself into the task of raising money. She was successful ; but Penelope, born in the thick of the rush and worry, did not survive.

Penelope was one of four, three girls and a boy, who died in infancy. Lucy Elizabeth, the third child, who also died in childhood, was Johnson's goddaughter, taking her second name from his wife, the 'Tetty' whose memory he preserved with such touching love and fidelity, as may be seen in his book of prayers.

In spite of the deaths of children in infancy, it was a happy family. Queeney was a lovely little girl, but already seeming to lack heart, in contrast with Lucy's forthcoming and affectionate ways. Harry, a delightful boy, full of joking and high spirits, was the hope, pride, and joy of the entire house, and not least of Johnson. And as the girls developed their mother, not without some severity and use of 'the Salusbury fist,' laboured to make highly educated women of them ; the boy went to school, but the girls were, as she had been, educated at home. Their mother taught them French and some Spanish, and in course of time Baretti, a distinguished scholar, known to Johnson, was engaged to teach them Italian ; and ill did he afterwards repay, with fantastic slanders, the kindness he received. And Johnson gave Latin lessons not only to them but to Fanny Burney as well, till her father stopped her on the ground that Latin was a study 'not fit for misses.' Later on the mother, discouraged by the small reward in affection she had from her elder daughters, pursued a less strenuous policy with the young Cecilia.

After the crisis of 1772 prosperity returned. With the aid of vigorous canvassing, by his wife and Johnson among others, Thrale was returned to Parliament as member for Southwark. Holidays were spent at Brighton, and a tour made in Mrs Thrale's native Wales. Johnson, however, having neither good eyes nor any of the new spirit of Gray and Rousseau, was as unresponsive to her enthusiasm for mountain 'prospects' as he was to the South Downs. A tour was also made to France, with Johnson still of the party, indulging in conversation with learned priests, for learning was to be found in the Church in France, if not much more—the history of the world might have been changed had France in the second half of the eighteenth century been able to oppose any thinkers not merely learned but of the weight of Berkeley, Butler, or Johnson himself to the bells and foolscaps of the philosophers or the shallow eloquence of Jean-Jacques.

But a fate hung over the Thrales. When preparations were advanced, with the aid of Baretti, for a more extended tour in Italy, little Harry, at nine years old, was suddenly seized with violent pains which the best doctors could not account for, but which we easily diagnose as a burst appendix, and died in two or three hours. His mother fainted; but his father did not speak, merely looking on his only son's corpse with a fixed and terrifying smile. He had much changed since the financial crisis of 1772. No longer a 'merry talking man,' he became taciturn. It is at this later period that Johnson said of his conversation that he did not mark the minutes but struck the hours very correctly. Now he threw himself, with an empty heart, into extravagant sociability and equally extravagant over-eating—he had never been a drinker. Also he indulged—as he had before—in low infidelities with women of the town, notably one Polly Hart, whose name was coupled with his in the scurrilous newspaper press of the day: more than once he brought home disgraceful diseases from these amours. More innocently he caused his wife anxiety by a senile infatuation for Sophy Streatfeild; but Sophy, though a flirt, was that exasperating character, a chaste flirt. The end came in April 1781. After a succession of strokes he died, quite certainly of continued over-eating.

His was a very strange character, and much puzzling

has been caused by Johnson's long affection for him. Those who know little of human nature have a simple explanation: cupboard love. Another and a better one is gratitude. But there is something more in it than either; there is a mystery still. Johnson cannot have approved of the Polly Harts; but for the most part Thrale kept his infidelities decently secret: and we do not know what Johnson said or did not say to him about them, as, if he said anything, he did not confide it to the wife. He certainly would not have feared to speak out. Then Thrale had a high sense of the dignity of the home. Hard drinking and bawdy talk were then common; he never allowed either. Again, he was punctilious in religious observances, and this told with Johnson. Nor is there any reason to think him a hypocrite because of the difference between his professions and his practice. 'Sir,' said Dr Johnson once, thinking of himself, 'are you so grossly ignorant of human nature as not to know that a man may have very good principles whose practice is very faulty?' And Thrale's own wife even wrote that no man lived in a state readier for death. We need think little of his miserable end; it is a tale of madness, despair, and suicide. We are left after contemplating it, as after contemplating the life of Scott, with the thought that to found a family is an ambition which may be too dearly bought—and that there is something to be said for daughters.

Later his widow laid much stress in her diary on the incompatibility between her and her first husband; and Queeney even spoke of her mother's hatred for her father, whose side she took. He was selfish beyond the normal selfishness of husbands. But there was incompatibility as well. Except where speculation was concerned he had no imagination and no romance, and he was a quiet and dignified man. She on the contrary was lively, clever, romantic; her tongue was called a whirligig, and her pen was another. She at any rate marked the minutes, and also the seconds, and not always correctly. The inaccuracy with which she has been freely charged seems to have been exaggerated; but, as Sir Walter Raleigh said, 'she would have made a bad witness in a law-court.' Johnson often reproved 'our lively hostess,' as Boswell ill-naturedly called her, for recklessness in

talk ; and he urged her to tolerate no minutest deviation from truth in her children. But we must always remember that her diary was the immediate confidante of her joys and her sorrows, her enthusiasms and her irritations of the passing day, and that in it, even more than in the flesh, she constantly overstated and coloured. She was indeed a creature of moods, but in life prevailingly cheerful, whatever her troubles. 'I never was good at *pouting* when a Miss,' she wrote, 'and after fifteen years are gone one should know the value of life better than to *pout* any part of it.'

Left a widow, her first care was to be rid of the brewery, which she could not hope to control, though she had done it good service in her time. Perkins, the manager (or, as she piously put it, God), found for her 'a knot of rich Quakers,' in fact the Barclays, who, if they did not consider the brewery quite as (according to Lord Lucan) Johnson did, to be 'not a parcel of vats and boilers, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice,' at any rate paid the executors, of whom Johnson was one, for vats, boilers, and potentiality together the comfortable sum of 135,000*l*.

The low-bred writers of newspaper *potins* made free with the supposedly wealthy widow's name, generally linking it with Johnson's. The cleverest of the lampoons, ending with the lines :

Porter can now no longer please,
'Tis I myself am Thràle's Entire,

is now known to have been written by Boswell himself. What his Mentor would have said to him, had he been aware of the authorship, stimulates conjecture ; but it must be admitted that to suppress so brilliant a double pun (Porter having been Johnson's wife's surname) is much to expect of human, and still more of literary, self-control.

But the hounds of scandal were all off the scent. At Brighton, Mrs Thrale had of late years met an Italian musician and singer of high repute, Gabriel(e) Piozzi, and engaged him to give her girls singing lessons. It is noticeable that now for the first time she began to take an interest in music. Something in Piozzi appealed to her starved hunger for romance, and whatever may have

been in her secret heart before, now that she was a free woman again she fell madly in love with him. They were after all very nearly of an age, both being about forty-seven. She was still attractive, and an eligible match, but there is no need to accuse Piozzi, as he was freely and indecently accused, of being a fortune hunter. He was an economical soul and had a good professional income and substantial savings of his own, from which he was able to help his intended with a loan when she was in difficulties. But 'il y a toujours un qui aime,' and she was the pursuer, he, however willingly, the pursued.

Her circle was almost unanimously furious with her, with a fury which is rather difficult to understand. Queeney and Fanny Burney persuaded her to break off the engagement, but the results in hysterics were such that Queeney's filial consent was finally given, and she, being of age and having an independent income, took her sisters off and established herself with a 'bear-leader' at Brighton. Murphy alone of the group stuck to Mrs. Thrale, and his was the portrait from the Streatham dining-room which she retained.

None was more furious than Johnson. His behaviour at Streatham after 'my master's' death had been morose, and he was a sick man. In 1782 he wrote to her in a maudlin and hypochondriac style, 'I have been very much out of order since you sent me away . . . but why should I tell you, who do not care, nor desire to know? . . . Do not let Mr Piozzi nor anybody else put me quite out of your head, and do not think that anybody will love you like yours,' etc. And when she sent him, with the other trustees, the formal notification of her intention, he wrote the terrible and famous letter,

'Madam,

'If I interpret your letter aright, you are ignominiously married (she was in fact not married yet). . . . If you have abandoned your children and your religion, may God forgive your wickedness. . . .'

To this she replied with high spirit and with justice: 'The birth of my second husband is not meaner than that of my first *; his sentiments are not meaner. . . .

* In fact, Piozzi's own family, people of good position, objected to his marrying the widow of a brewer.

Till you have changed your opinion of Mr Piozzi let us converse no more. God bless you.'

Johnson repented his harshness: 'What you have done, however I may lament it, I have no pretence to resent, as it has not been injurious to me. I therefore breathe out one sigh more of tenderness, perhaps useless, but at least sincere.'

But she married Piozzi, and the breach was only superficially healed. He 'tried to drive her from his thoughts'; and he had less than two more years to live. It was a sad ending to a sort of idyll.

No doubt a foreigner, a professional musician, and a Roman Catholic was suspect; and let us remember the division of the characters in 'Clarissa' into 'men, women, and Italians.' Perhaps affectionate respect for the memory of Henry Thrale entered into Johnson's bitterness. Perhaps there was some subconscious jealousy, though not of the normal kind. The loss of a home is always bitter; and Johnson loved Streatham. On the morning of his final departure he read in the Greek Testament, his last use of the library he had helped to form and in which he had been happy, and kissed the stones of the church in which he had worshipped with his dear friends and their children. Indeed, the key to the mystery, if it is one, is probably in those words of his 'rough letter,' 'your children and your religion.'

But in fact she abandoned neither. Her daughters abandoned her; and she clung to the Church of England, to which she converted Piozzi, in the teeth of Italian monsignori. Indeed, that she was genuinely devout, without being a *dévôte*, is constantly apparent in her of his 'Prayers and Meditations,' she kept for a time a diary. Like Johnson, though probably she did not know manuscript book of prayers of her own composition. And in 1786 she wrote and sent to Susan a summary of doctrine. Mr Clifford seems to find this amusing; but may a mother not teach her growing daughter the faith without being patronised? It is easy to think that that was a period in which, outside Wesley's influence, the Church was dormant, but only by the aid of sufficient ignorance and those generalisations which are the common substitute for history.

Her relations with her daughters were embittered by

the memory of the time when at their solicitations she had broken off her engagement. At that time she wrote in her diary, 'O 'tis a pleasant situation, and whoever would wish, as the Greek lady phrased it, to teize himself and repent of his sins, let him borrow his children's money, be in love against their interest and prejudice, forbear to marry by their advice, and then shut himself up and live with them.' Communication was never absolutely broken off, and when she went on her long wedding tour with Piozzi to Italy, to see his relations, she and Queeney corresponded, but with little warmth on the latter's part. But love of, and pride in, the 'fair daughters' breaks out again and again in the diary.

On Queeney's character and her mother's, and on their causes of quarrel, controversy has raged. The pro-Piozzi party is centred in the John Rylands Library at Manchester, where are now preserved quantities of the mother's papers; while the spokesman of Queeney's adherents was her descendant, the inheritor of her papers—and of the cabinet which Johnson gave her—the late Lord Lansdowne, who in 1934 published her correspondence, with a valuable introduction, as 'The Queeney Letters.' He even finds Mrs Piozzi 'essentially vain, vulgar and false, intolerable as a parent and rightly kept at a distance by her offspring.'

But we need look no farther than to native character. Two women better calculated to disagree could not easily have been found. The mother we know. The daughter was the child of her father, from infancy cold, dignified, and proud, and as she grew up something of a snob as well. As Fanny Burney describes her in her early teens, 'fair, round, firm and cherubimical,' we can see her in the beautiful portrait Reynolds painted of her when she was fifteen, which her mother took with her on her travels; but the pride of the turned head is painful. She was probably never in love, and she did not marry till in her forties, when she made a quite unromantic match with Lord Keith, an elderly naval officer; and we may imagine that the sight of her mother, rolling and screaming on her bed for her Piozzi, a sight painful to the most sympathetic, was entirely nauseating to one who, having no emotions to control, controlled them so perfectly.

Mrs Piozzi had written from childhood, and as a girl had published scraps in newspapers; and as we have seen, her pen was not idle during her first marriage, though she published little if anything. Now, however, was her opportunity. Boswell's intention of producing the *Life* of Johnson was well known to all the circle, including Johnson. But, while at first friendly, Boswell became increasingly jealous of Mrs Thrale's intimacy with his great friend and subject. He angled for her priceless material, but was refused it. So large a book as his, and one so carefully documented, was slow in production, and at its appearance seven years after Johnson's death had been preceded by a number of smaller books. Mrs Thrale, on her long honeymoon, decided to publish her own contribution herself. True, she had only '*Thraliana*' with her, but she had her memory, not perhaps very meticulous. She rushed out her delightful '*Anecdotes*,' which was published by Cadell in 1786.

The book had a great popular success, four editions being sold in twelve months. But Walpole, who ignorantly despised Johnson, called it not only 'a heap of rubbish' but 'a heap of rubbish in a very vulgar style.' The style does not strike any reader to-day as vulgar; but that is because the art of biography has been humanised by Boswell. His '*Tour to the Hebrides*' appeared a year before the '*Anecdotes*,' and attracted, and perhaps more justly, the same criticism; he modified his style somewhat in the '*Life*.' But at worst we should call either Boswell or Mrs Piozzi chatty, and not often that. Their rivalry was matter of common knowledge, and Peter Pindar flayed them both for their trivialities, as they seemed to be, in his mordant satiric eclogue, '*Bozzy and Piozzy*.' But the '*Anecdotes*' are our second source for our knowledge of Johnson.

Two years later she followed up her success by publishing '*Letters to and from the late Samuel Johnson*' in two volumes. This also provides us with much that is new and valuable, but, alas, matter running short and ignorant of standards of editorial integrity, which, it must be said, were little known in her day, she swelled her book and herself out by rewriting her own letters.

In the rest of her long life she wrote several more books, of very minor importance, partly for money and

partly because authorship had become a habit. In 1789 she published 'Observations and Reflections made in the Course of a Journey through France, Italy and Germany.' The critics were even ruder to this book than they had been the year before to the 'Anecdotes,' finding in it 'colloquial barbarisms.' 'The literary crudities of this lady,' wrote 'The Morning Post,' 'afford a lamentable proof of what vanity will do when it is associated with wealth.' In 1794 she wrote 'British Synonyms.' That this is worthless was hardly her fault, for scientific etymology was unborn. 'Retrospection' (1801), an attempt at universal history, has not that excuse.

Piozzi made her an excellent husband, and gave her a number of years of the real happiness which she had missed with Thrale. Her attempts to live once more at Streatham and to regain her position in London society were unsuccessful; the old friends still stood aloof. So she retired to Wales, and there, near the ancestral home of Bach-y-Craig, the couple built a new home with fine 'prospects,' to which they gave the Cambro-Italian name of Brynbella, and where they brought up the youngest daughter, Cecilia, not very successfully, for the 'silly little titmouse' eloped with a young man of the well-known Welsh family of Mostyn; and her mother endured yet another bitterness when Queeney kept her away from Cecilia at the birth of the latter's first child. The Piozzis adopted an Italian nephew, and it was he who, as Sir John Salusbury, inherited Brynbella and his adopted mother's papers and assumed her maiden name. But, like her own children, he seems to have been ungrateful; there was clearly something wanting in her handling of the young.

Her last great grief was the death of Piozzi in 1809. His great desire was to be an English country gentleman, and he had for years acquired, if not a perfect command of English—his favourite exclamation was 'God a bless'—at any rate one English characteristic, the gout, of which he died after long and acute suffering. His high and amiable character deserved the grief with which his wife, now a second time a widow, mourned him, and makes the obloquy heaped upon him seem to us, if not quite inexplicable, in any case contemptible.

'Poor little H.L.P.,' as she often called herself in her
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melancholy (and rather egotistic) musings on paper, now retired to Bath, where she had spent many winters in the company of Piozzi and Cecilia. Nor did she lack friends, the most intimate being Mrs Siddons, whose daughter Sally had been Cecilia's favourite companion. Here, 'a true Bath cat,' the old lady lived, indefatigably writing and full of fresh enthusiasms. On Jan. 27, 1820, her seventy-ninth birthday (which she characteristically called her eightieth), she led a dance with her adopted son. But she did not long survive this achievement. On May 2, 1821, after an accident, she died. Queeney and Sophia reached her death-bed in time to see her alive. 'Now,' she exclaimed, 'I shall die in state.'

As a writer she was only an amateur. Intellectually she was of the second order. She was neither genius nor saint. And though it is hard to see how she can be denied (as she has been) the credit of being one of the great *salonnières* of the age of the *salon*, that is in itself a slender claim on posterity. But she was for twenty years the nursing daughter of a very great man, and what meant much to him may well mean much to us. Moreover, the proper study of mankind is man, including woman, as both Pope and Johnson held, and a life which offers more than one riddle of character is a standing challenge to those who agree with them. And her unconquerable courage in adversity, her humour, unquenched to the last, her vivacity, somewhat spoilt as all these were by an undeniable vanity, make her, short of genius or even of really high talent, one of the most remarkable women of whom we have full knowledge.

ARUNDELL ESDAILE.

Art. 5.—THE NEW CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

THE historian of to-morrow may well speculate on the reasons which led President Beneš to give a first priority to Russia in the search for security of the new Czechoslovakia. Whatever the reasons, a real break and a new departure are discernible when one considers the founda-

tions of the First Republic of 1918-1938 and those of the Second Republic which threw off the chains of the German domination in 1945.

The foreign policy of the First Republic may be summed up as a belief in the efficacy of the vanished League of Nations. Such a foreign policy had, of necessity, for Czechoslovakia a western orientation. The great T. G. Masaryk, as President of the First Republic, with Beneš as his Foreign Secretary, looked to France, to a lesser extent to Great Britain, and to a still lesser extent to the U.S.A. as the main pillars of the security of a country whose peoples had been liberated after three centuries of thralldom. To France above all: not for her own sake—though nowhere in Europe was France better loved for her own sake than by the peoples of Czechoslovakia—but because France was the main sponsor of the new politics of security in Europe by collective action through a League of Nations which was aiming as its *raison d'être* at the prevention of war. When Hitler overran the plains of Bohemia in the autumn of 1938, and arrived in Prague in the spring of 1939—and did so with the passive acquiescence of the governments of France, Britain, and the U.S.A.—it was plain to all concerned that Czechoslovakia, in her foreign policy, had backed a loser.

Such an event could not but have the profoundest repercussions on the total life of the Czechs and Slovaks. These repercussions sounded all the changes which take an enslaved people from despair to hope. It was inevitable there should be some signal change in the foreign policy for peoples living in the heart of Europe, granted that liberty should ever come their way again. Theoretically, the choices open to President Beneš, as he brooded over the future of his country, from the vantage point of an exile's eye, were three. He could again entrust the Western Powers, as custodians of a still unachieved world security, with the security of Czechoslovakia. He could have said to France, Britain, and the U.S.A.: 'We forgive you for those policies of appeasement and of peace which neither appeased nor maintained peace, but which did destroy the First Republic. It will not happen again. We shall march with you in the quest for a world as well as European security. This time we

shall succeed. We shall keep in step with the West, too, in our dealings with Russia.' In step with the Western Powers : that would have been, under the new circumstances, to repeat the foreign policy of the years 1919-38.

A second possibility was to take up an attitude towards Russia such as her neighbour Poland has explored to the full. Perhaps there is no word which accurately describes this attitude. Hostility to Bolshevik Russia is too strong and simple a word.

The third possibility was to give a first priority to Russia in the future foreign policy of a liberated Czechoslovakia. The Western world had been tried and found wanting. There was need for one certain source of strength, capable of offering a bulwark against militarist and aggressive Germany. There was only one such power : Russia.

The reasoning is not difficult to follow, nor is the conclusion—granted that Russia and Czechoslovakia are territorial neighbours and that Germany, though pushed back into the Reich, still remains in the Reich—easily to be rejected. Russia offers the possibility of security ; no other Power or combination of Powers does. By all means let the United Nations try themselves out in the peace which follows Germany's Second World War. Nowhere in Europe is it more clearly recognised that without such a collaboration for a common security, the search for peace will prove in vain. But at the same time the rest of the world will understand if, having once put all her eggs in the security basket of the League of Nations under a French leadership, Czechoslovakia does not do so a second time. The first eggs this time have gone to Moscow ; not all of them ; but the first. There will be no more loyal supporter of efforts to build up an effective United Nations than Czechoslovakia.

All this, granted the experience Czechoslovakia has had since 1938, is plain sailing. A first priority to Russia has become the foundation-stone of the new Second Republic. But were there other gains besides security which President Beneš hoped to gain for his country when he entered into a military alliance with Russia ? Surely. He no doubt expected he would receive his country back, not only liberated but territorially intact, which would

include the Teschen area which Poland had removed in the autumn of 1938, with Hitler-Germany's collaboration. In fact, one of the early events of the liberation was the lopping off of Ruthenia and its incorporation into the Republic of the Soviet Ukraine. I know that this was done 'with acclamation' and with 'mutual rejoicings' of a little brother going to be united in bonds of brotherly love with its big Ukrainian brother, and all that sort of thing. We shall be forgiven if we take all that official stuff with a pinch of salt. A major surgical operation can never be a picnic. Nor was it in this case. The Czechs suffered when the amputation took place. They suffered badly. What the Ruthenian population thought about it we were left guessing and shall be left guessing. Too many in the meantime have died. In the autumn of last year (October 1945) I talked with a Ruthenian Jewess in Prague. After two and a half years' internment in Germany, she had escaped the gas chamber by a fortnight. She had taken advantage of the opportunity thus afforded to revisit the land of her birth. Of the other six children of her family, her mother, grandparent, numerous aunts, uncles, nieces, cousins, not one survived to acclaim the return. Of the 1,500 Jews, out of ten times their number, who, like this girl, survived the German domination and returned, more than half have fled from Ruthenia since they returned. I do not say they fled because Ruthenia had been, with acclamation of the inhabitants concerned, incorporated in their long-lost home. But it is plain that the incorporation did not figure as a reason for so much as postponing the flight. But, it can be argued, these were only Jewish Ruthenians and, therefore foreigners, so to say, and unrepresentative. Well, there were Czechs and Slovaks too who lived in Ruthenia. They had the option of leaving Ruthenia if they wanted. See what they did. Many of them were in such a hurry to get out that they left by the back door and any old door they could. But the Ruthenians proper? Let us hope that some survive. A Russian army occupying the land is no small matter. The beautiful Ruthenian landscape survives, and I do not doubt, when the moon is full, you can see the tops of the fir trees waving acclamations, too, but to another sky and to another master.

Did the Czechs reckon with the loss of Ruthenia when

they said Russia first? They did not. They had a bad half-hour of history. Nor can the Teschen district and possibly one or two others, from a Czechoslovak point of view, be taken for granted. The Poles, through their vanished government in London, have tried out all the moods and tenses and righteous indignations of opposition to Bolshevik Russia. All that would now seem to be ended. Another government has taken its place 'made in Poland' as we say, and with another policy. Off with the old horse and on with the new. It is as though the new Polish Government were making up for lost time and lost opportunities. The Poles have had a raw deal from Russia via the extinct London Polish Government. Perhaps it is too late to question the deal? So many are dead who would have been interested. With all the more zest, then, will the new Polish Government get compensation in the swings of the German-Czech-Polish lands of the south-west, for what has been lost on the roundabouts of the Polish-Russian lands of the north-east.

The one solid gain which the Czechs have from their priority to Russian policy is that they have won the goodwill and trust of the Russian Government. The proof is that the Russian army, after a six months' experience of liberation and occupation of Czechoslovak soil, has left the country. We can be reasonably sure that short of a first-class European crisis the Russian army will not return. Every Czech and every Slovak will affirm what a solid gain it is. We can venture the hope that the gain will be as enduring as solid. In Poland the Russian armies remain. Poland, so to say, has to work her passage home. The Russian armies hang about. Reckoned in cows and sheep alone, it is worth a good deal to be rid of a Russian army.

For Czechoslovakia, the price of driving out the German army, the Gestapo, and the whole paraphernalia of a German occupation, based, as the late Prime Minister of Great Britain would have said, on peaceful occupation, was a temporary further occupation by two Allied and friendly armies, from Russia and the U.S.A. It was intended, no doubt, that there should be a British one as well. If so, we can perhaps be glad that military plans on this, as on some other occasions, went agley. Two are quite a lot. I doubt if ever an army of occupation can be

undiluted pleasure to the natives. Not even a Cromwellian one, which was supposed to pray morning, noon, and night. And we know the modern ones have a flair for cabarets, vodka, and forays, all of which lay toll on the lives of the settled inhabitants.

What has been the effect of the six months' occupation by two friendly powers? Were they necessary birds of passage, now forgotten? No: the experiences have driven deeper than a passing visit. First, they have helped, between them, to revive a lost British popularity. The mere absence of a British army became an occasion for the rediscovery of some neglected British virtues. If we lost caste in 1938 for not springing to arms as a people in the defence of Czechoslovakia, we regained it over the duration of the joint-occupation of friendly armies and by not pressing our claims of liberation upon them in 1945. The fact that we did not send in an army, after the experience of two other of them, has been accounted to us for righteousness. An empty field, compared with a field with many friendly soldiers in it, has become a thing of austere beauty. Emptiness, merely not being there, has taken on a quality of eulogy and noble superlatives. There must be some millions of photos of Stalin and Beneš plastered about Prague alone; a modest few of Roosevelt (there would have been more for Truman if only there had been time enough to get him dolled up for the hoardings: even in propaganda death still counts for a little); and did I see a solitary, rather out-of-date photo of Winston Churchill? But underline, do not construe the absence of British photo as the mere blank and emptiness which these words usually connote. I have even known Czechs to smile at the bare mention that the person addressed was an Englishman. The smile improved, too, as the occupying months wore on. I even heard a young Czech engineer, who had 'engineered' seven years in Prague for the Germans, say that he supposed that the Czechs must in many ways be twenty years in advance of the Russians, and that the British, in turn, must be thirty years in advance of the Czechs, and, off the record, what about it? Nearly all talk worth listening to in the closing months of 1945 was 'off the record'; such are the attributes of three occupying armies since 1938—one enemy and two friendly. I even met Czechs

who had lived mainly in Britain since 1938, who would have been dizzily happy if they could have returned there at the end of 1945. Say, if you like, in extenuation, we spoiled the Czechs and other Europeans domiciled amongst us any time after 1939—I mean, after the show was really on. Perhaps we did. Nevertheless, the fact that we did not send an army to Bohemia has left a soft spot in Czech hearts.

The truth is that the Czechs have done their best over six months to pretend to like the Russian and the American armies—say, half a million one way and fifty thousand of them the other. The Russian figure may be a gross, rumoured creature of the imagination. Exactitude lives in solemn isolation on the other side of the Russian smoke-screen of mystery and make-believe.

How did the two armies look to each other and to Czechs, to whose lands they brought all the freedom of the Second Republic? They were not good mixers. Indeed, the longer they stayed the more strictly did the friendly armies maintain the no-man's-land which kept them apart from each other. Russian and American armies did not play football, nor was there a Czech referee. The Russian Slav brother embraced his little Czech Slav brother like a bear embraces what he is about to gorge after a long fast. There was no innovation by Russian soldiers when they arrived in Eastern Czechoslovakia. They had been trained over a long march to scratch for food as they went along. Scratching was a part of the day's rations. Scratching may have contributed to make the Russians the good soldiers they proved to be. They simply continued the noble art of scratching when they arrived at their destination. And, indeed, there were so many pickings after so many previous bare patches, that Russian soldiers may be forgiven for thinking, in Czechoslovakia, they had stumbled into the destination of a soldier's heaven. They certainly behaved as though it were their heaven. The Russian army lived on the land it occupied. Such a tactic, imposed by necessity, gave both spur and dynamism to the Russian advance. But when it came to a somewhat prolonged stay, as in Czechoslovakia, the effect produced was that of a visitation of locusts. The ground was eaten bare. Wherever the Russian army went, the cows soon ceased to have four

legs. They had none at all. All living edible things soon became animated by other properties. Egg shells were not painted ; they were emptied. A chicken moving across a field was the focus of passionate, competitive, possessive interest. The poor thing just had not got a chance. The war ethic of destruction for destruction's sake had a long aftermath, with the smaller Slav Czech brother, a little bewildered, looking on. Helplessly looking on, too : for was not this the heroic army of liberation foretold on London broadcasting for so long ? What is there in this world less to be resisted than a moving force of liberation ? So the Czech swallowed the bath with the baby, and mastered the hiccups with the stoic composure which seven years of the Germans had taught him, plus the ancestral memories of three preceding centuries. The Russian soldier was not only masterful and improvident with regard to all food and living edible creatures, and rough with property. Houses, for example, seem to have taken on the vision of the opponent in a boxing match in the tilting Russian soldier's eye. He was rough on women, too. And the women were his allied, little Slav sisters. He was a victor, and had rights, the immortal rights of war. Anyhow, he couldn't talk his sister's language. Did a cow resist the approach of death ? It was but an added excitement for the soldier. Did a Czech girl come unwillingly and resist advances ? There was rape among the Russian soldiers, just as there were cows unwilling to die. Perhaps the two characteristics which differentiate the Russian from the American armies in Czechoslovakia are : (1) The American army brought its food along, and, in addition, poured money into the country. The Russians came with empty pockets and took their food wherever they could get it. (Multiply three meals a day by six months and however many Russian soldiers there are, and you get the final figure which makes the difference I am trying to express.) (2) the Russian was rough with women ; the American used persuasion—he resorted to chewing gum and other devices familiar to a relatively opulent civilisation.

The Russian soldier, too, was like an ' Alice in Wonderland,' let loose among objects the like of which he seems never to have seen before. Curiosity bore down all barriers and restraints. Perhaps the objects were regarded

as the products of the enemy capitalist civilisation he had been taught it is his mission to destroy. Say a residue of twenty years of propaganda lingered on, contributed to the novelty and the fanatical passion of this souvenir hunting. Clocks, watches, and bicycles became especial objects of 'Alice's' rounder and rounder wondering eyes. The Czechs, though they lost all in the process, couldn't resist the fun of the proceedings. They tell the story of the Russian soldier who took his alarm clock to be cut down into six of those little fellows, which we call watches, to which he had taken a new fancy. Or they tell of the young Czech, riding an old nag of a bike, hands in pockets, singing, being held up with the gun salute which was the Russian's conventional mode of conversation between the big and the little Slav brother. The Russian wanted a bike, too, that would run without having to hold on to the handle-bars. So, at the point of the gun, he enforced an exchange with his brand new, up-to-date machine for the old nag of a bike of whose astonishing performance he had just been a witness. The young Czech resumed his journey, the exchange duly sealed and delivered, hands in pockets, singing more blithely than ever.

The Russian army, then, gave the Czechs and Slovaks a hard time; the American an easy one. One would think, too, at first blush, that the preference of the American soldier for Sudeten German girls rather than Czech would be a further occasion of tilting the balance of Czech favour towards Abraham Lincoln. But it did not. It had the effect of incensing the Czechs in the grand manner. The Czechs have been known literally to tear out the hair from the heads of Sudeten German girls who had been thus, by the Americans, advanced and promoted. Useless to complain if the Czechs were not prepared to offer a liberal supply of Czech girls, and they were not. But it was not pleasant for a Czech soldier, in his own liberated land, when he went into a cabaret to warn Sudeten German girls, held in American arms, that the curfew hour for them had come, to be told by the liberating Americans that this was an American show and refer the Czech police (while continuing the dance) to the door. But, next day and the day after, it was not on the emotional plane that the Czech continued to worry :

it was on the political. He began to ponder how well the American soldier and the Sudeten German got on together, and the 'well,' he discerned, was not confined to one sex. He was seized with the theory that the American soldier, in large numbers, must have originally derived from this part of Europe, and perhaps was there precisely because he had wanted to see his ancestral Europe as one of the side-lines of the Second World War. And was it this very blood affinity which made the attraction of American boy and Sudeten German girl so strong? It happened, too, that the American boy was, politically, a profoundly ignorant boy. He did not know what the war had been about in Europe. Nor did he much care. The main thing was that it was over, and so on with the game. Could the boy not see that the Sudeten German girl was playing politics? Did he not understand that he was repeating what the American army of occupation had done, innumerable times, on the Rhineland in 1919? Did he not know that the same causes produced the same results? Politically the Czech, then, has been profoundly disquieted by his observations of the American army as a friendly liberating instrument in the Sudetenland. In retrospect, he would, I think, sum up thus: It only takes one cow and bull to make many more cows; chickens can also be as easily multiplied as that; houses, too, can be rebuilt—the Russians have at least left plenty of rubble and broken stone lying about. But political ignorance is another matter; favours bestowed on the enemy may end, as they did in 1921, in undermining on the Continent of Europe the only policy which has a chance of peace, viz. common action of the Big Three and the Big Four and all the United Nations against the enemy which twice has, for its own egoistic ambitions, nearly destroyed Europe by aggressive war. The memories of the two friendly occupying armies will speedily fade—for see what a spate of new activities we can produce with every morning's headlines to fill the onrushing skulls of mortals. The six months of joint army occupation will not deflect in any way the determination and desire of Czech and Slovak to get on well in foreign affairs alike with the East and the West. If the Russian army has deepened the consciousness in Czechoslovakia that her peoples have,

in matters of religion, culture, economics, and politics, their deep roots in the West, the behaviour of American troops has left a scar of anxiety and disquiet as to what the U.S.A., even after a second world war of aggression by Germany, may come to signify, when the shouting is over, for the Europe of to-morrow. It is at the heart of Europe where Czechoslovakia has to find her difficult way.

What about the Sudeten question? It carries a *double entendu*. There is the fixed determination of the Czech Government to be rid of the Germans. It is a determination shared by the people as a whole. On no other question did I find such unanimity of opinion. The Czechs accept the Runciman verdict that Czech and German simply cannot live together. But they offer another solution from the one which we commended and accepted in 1938. The Sudeten Germans must go back to the Reich and not forward to Prague. From experiences over the seven years—1938–1945—the Czechs have shed the last vestiges of doubt, if any still existed when Hitler arrived in Prague in 1939. They have been taught by plain and bitter lessons—actions no less than words—that if the Germans had won the war, it would indeed have been veritably the end of the Czechoslovak peoples. Siberia, servility, or death: extinction as a people. There is a universal resolution, bred in the bone so to say, to take no further chances. The Sudeten Germans, as a minority for which (under difficult historical circumstances) so much, in Czech judgment, was done in the lifetime of the First Republic, must now be liquidated. The Sudeten Germans must not be spread out in the expanded Third Reich of the blue-print of 'Mein Kampf'; they must be constrained into the Reich which will be left to them when the Big Three and the Big Four and the Council of the United Nations have completed their deliberations and made their final pronouncements. The *double entendu* lies in that those Sudeten Germans who pass the tests will have the opportunity of remaining in the land of their forefathers, not as a minority, but as Czech citizens. How many? Some say there will be five hundred thousand of them; estimates go up to a million. The definitions have been promulgated in Presidential Decrees. They may get modified when the duly elected Czechoslovak Parliament has had time to

bring a more mature judgment to bear. The wider political evolution in Europe and the world will not be without influence on that maturing judgment. There will be economic pressure to spare and leave a larger number of highly skilled Sudetens just because they are highly skilled and, for the time being, irreplaceable. There is the tendency, as time passes, to diminish the proportion of Sudeten Germans who classify as guilty (along with the Nazis) of being the spearhead which destroyed the First Republic. There is the tendency to practise a greater charity towards those Sudeten German Christians, whether Catholic or of the many denominations of Protestant Christendom, as may, with the passing of time, commend itself to the Czech Christian conscience. It is a good omen that the best Czechs are unhappy at what has been done in months now past in the name of ending this minority question. They know that cruel and brutal things have been done; that arbitrary revolutionary power, using the cloak of a Czech patriotism, has filched property wholesale and behaved despicably to Sudeten Germans in large numbers, who are the subject of negotiation for transfer with the Big Three. There have been miscarriages of justice in the local revolutionary tribunals which have caused Czechs to hide their heads. The best of them would wish for a decent and a planned transfer, with railway fares, food, and whatever movable property can be taken along. Indeed, it would be easy to win their consent for an instrument of transfer which would be an improved version of what the League of Nations was able to accomplish in resettling Greeks and Bulgars in the intervening 'twenties. Czech unhappiness is a major asset on the credit side of the balance sheet of the Sudeten question. But, again, what can be made of it will depend to no small extent on how the Big Four do, in fact, deal with the German question as a whole and what is the sense the Czechs get of the solidarity of purpose of the Big Four in establishing a United Nations.

The same general principle governs the treatment of the Hungarian minority in Slovakia, who in numbers are estimated variously up to 800,000. They are to be transferred to Hungary, where Slovaks, up to a possible 200,000, are available for exchange. I do not think there is the same solidarity of judgment lying behind

this determination as in the case of the Sudeten question, if for no other reason that no impartial historian can attribute responsibility to the Hungarians in Slovakia for the dissolution of the First Republic such as belongs to the Sudetens in Bohemia. Besides, the new Hungarian Government has destroyed the economic foundations of its reactionary aristocracy, and, as a Government, should now commend itself to Prague. There are, in fact, Lutherans in Slovakia who describe the domination period as essentially a triumph of Clericalism in Slovakia, and who say Clericalism, since 1938, is much more the enemy than Nazi Germany itself. In this connection it should be remembered with what subtlety the German controlling power succeeded in playing off Slovak against Czech, in Slovakia. A young generation of Slovaks, educated at Bratislava University, was encouraged by the Germans to accept public office in the new 'independent' Slovak State and to replace many of the hitherto Czech officials. The Germans, too, played up to the independence movement and continued to apply a policy of severity towards the Czech and leniency to the Slovak. Spread out over seven years, the consequences were considerable. The Slovaks enjoyed a great prosperity under the 'independent' regime. Young men got used to office and power—Slovaks, every time. They were encouraged to liquidate Jewish properties and to look askance at Hungarians. Now that the Slovaks are really independent in the sense that the Reich Germans have departed, it is true to say that the Czechs feel some embarrassment in their dealings with the Slovaks. They are meticulously anxious to avoid any interference with what Slovaks do in Slovakia. Indeed, in questions like UNRRA, the Czechs, in relation to their mutual needs, may be described as generous. There is also plenty of rope given to the Slovaks to deal with their Hungarian Question, as though it were no concern of the Czech. It was, for these reasons, a European misfortune that the Big Three were not able to formulate an agreed policy for the treatment of this question, as they have done with the Sudeten one.

What has happened to Hungarians since Slovakia, in the 1945 sense, was liberated and became independent a second or a third time according as one counts these inestimable gifts, has happened mainly under cover of

darkness. I suspect it is a grim and sorry chapter, for which we shall live to regret that, by public policy, the restraint and publicity of the Big Three was not at an early stage after hostilities ceased, brought to bear. I heard of a Swedish journalist who, having arrived at a Tatra Hungarian village, had just entered into conversation with a Hungarian woman of the village when a Slovak soldier intercepted and brought the conversation to an end. If a fraction of the stories I heard while in Slovakia were true, the Slovaks are faced with an indictment of treatment of Hungarians which is on a level of Russian soldiery under war-time psychology, and ranks with the standard behaviour of the German Gestapo. The chronic state of uncertain rumour, slow torture by starvation, and expropriation in advance of a helpless minority is a scandal to the European conscience, for which the absence of common agreement among the Big Three over so many months must bear its share of responsibility.

By Presidential Decree, the Jewish question in Czechoslovakia is to be settled in the same way as the Sudeten and the Hungarian ones. There is to be no Jewish Minority in the new Second Republic. Jewish numbers have been reduced by German action since 1939 from three hundreds of thousands to thirties of thousands, though it would be a mistake to assume that there has not been some moral connivance by some Czechs and still more Slovaks in the aims of the anti-Semitic policy of Nazi Germany. Certainly large numbers of Slovaks have benefited by the receipt, let us say for cheap prices, of Jewish properties, only one-tenth of whom have come back to attempt to re-assert their claims. A major cause, indeed, of a new anti-Semitism, especially noticeable in Slovakia, is the resentment which the reappearance and claims of this remnant tenth has caused. Nor is that the whole story. The specialisation of Jews for a century in certain key village and small-town occupations, their frequent inability to use other languages than Hungarian or German in daily discourse, also play a part, in addition to the universal experience that in any country the Jews, as a people, never succeed in getting themselves loved. Whatever happens, the Jews will not be a political party in the Czechoslovakia of to-morrow, as they were in the

First Republic. They will be citizens on the same terms as other Czechs and Slovaks. President Beneš and—I do not doubt—the Czech and Slovak peoples will remain warm supporters of a Jewish State in Palestine as the only substantial historical movement which promises a solution, thinking in centuries, of the Jewish question.

By and large, the sentiment of Czechoslovakia is: 'This is not the peace.' The nationalisation question—which has been tackled with great energy by the revolutionary committees, powerfully influenced by Communist Party organisation and sentiment, and Russian example—is still in uneasy fermentation, with heavy and often catastrophic losses to register on the productive side. The prospect of working out some kind of general economic plan for the whole country appeals to the masses as the appropriate way of celebrating the new freedom. More will be attempted in the economic direction than in Britain under a Labour Government. At the best Czechoslovakia will have to make good in the economic sphere with great losses of highly trained personnel from the Sudeten and the Hungarian side. If to these the folly of imitative psychology based on the Russian example gets too great a hold, the result could be a fatality. But common sense, practicality, and hard work are characteristic Czech virtues. It is not, therefore, unreasonable to expect, following their general election, a marked growth of these fundamental virtues in both the economic and political life of the country. The idea of becoming a seventeenth Soviet Republic is repugnant to Czech and Slovak alike, nor is there much sign that the Russians themselves have any such interests or designs. What the Russians want is security, a Russian-sympathetic cordon along the whole length of their Western Frontier to replace, after the Second World War, the one which, on the whole, they felt to be under Western influence and directed against them in the years which succeeded the First.

The effective Czech and Slovak desire is that they should have in their country a genuine laboratory, under conditions of internal freedom, of the influences of the East and the West. There are dangers on both sides: that Britain or the U.S.A. should neglect Czechoslovakia or, in the worst case, exercise something of an economic and moral boycott; that Russia should exploit her

military power for ends detrimental to the inner freedom of the Czechoslovak people. Overarching all is the anxiety which is shared by all, viz. the nightmare that the Four Great Powers should fall foul of one another in the constructive tasks of the peace, and should precipitate a divided world, with the uncertain use of atomic energy as the wild horse of the apocalypse riding to-morrow's world.

But if these two peoples in the heart of Europe get a sporting chance, they should not only achieve a fascinating unity in duality in politics, based on the practice of a complete equality of kindred peoples. They are conscious of being the first State in Europe to attempt a socialisation of industry under democratic conditions. They hope to offer to the peoples of Europe and the New World a working pattern of a small community in the heart of Europe which has distilled the best from the practised Western politics of the French Revolution since 1789, along with the best from the economics of the Five Year Plans of the Russian Revolution of 1917. By painstaking efforts, shorn of servile imitation, they aspire to provide a not undignified example of what it means to achieve a political and economic synthesis in the twentieth century for the glory and welfare of the 'common man.' To this extent they would say in the heart of Europe democracy is on the march and still an ideal to be achieved.

RENNIE SMITH.

Art 6.—BYRON AND SHELLEY AT THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

1. *Works of Lord Byron*: (1) Poetry, 6 vols. Edited by E. H. Coleridge. (2) Letters and Journals, 7 vols. Edited by R. E. Prothero. Murray, 1898-1901.
 2. *Lord Byron's Correspondence*, 2 vols. Edited by John Murray. Murray, 1922.
 3. *Moore's Life of Byron*, 2 vols. Murray.
 4. *Byron*. By E. C. Mayne. Methuen, 1912.
 5. *Byron*. By André Maurois. Cape, 1930.
 6. *Life of Shelley*, 2 vols. By W. E. Peck. Benn, 1929.
- Vol. 284.—No. 568. P

7. *Shelley. Prose Works.* Edited by H. Buxton Forman, 1887.
8. *Shelley's Einwirkung auf Byron.* By Heinrich Gildardon.
9. *Byron et Shelley en Suisse.* By C. E. Engel.

It was now two years since sardonic young Hogg, who had been expelled from Oxford on the same morning as Shelley in 1811, had come into a house in Skinner Street in Holborn to hear a piercing voice from an inner room call 'Shelley' and a voice even more piercing answer 'Mary!' Shelley at the age of twenty-one had thrown in his lot with Mary Godwin before she was seventeen; regarding his marriage with Harriet Westbrook as now dissolved, he was, in the spring of 1816, setting out for Switzerland a second time with Mary, and not alone with Mary but with the illegitimate baby they called 'Willmouse.' With them came another companion who guided their steps for reasons of her own to Paris, and then on from Paris to the Jura and Geneva. Shelley was now twenty-three.

In 1816, France was no longer so hungry as war had made it two years before; in four days their carriage had driven them to the mountains, and their first view of Mont Blanc at Les Rousses. Below them shone the blue mirror of the lake, between woods and green meadows. At such a time

There breathes a living fragrance from the shore
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood.

Beyond it in the gardens the birds rose to massive mountains, culminating in the eternal snow of loftiest Alps. Then came the long descent till they were in the Hotel de l'Angleterre at Sécheron on the borders of Geneva, and in May weather watched the green meadows, the shooting verdure, the blossoming hills, the mountains, and the storms. Not far away was Ferney, but Voltaire was already a memory; nearer still was Coppée, but Madame de Staël was in Italy after the marriage of the charming Albertine, her daughter, to the Duc de Broglie. But Geneva was still a centre for the English making the grand tour, and during the summer more than one great English lady descended from her carriage at the Hotel de

l'Angleterre. With them was Josephine's daughter, Queen Hortense—Suès writing in his journal that Geneva was so crowded with carriages and horses that one would imagine oneself in a capital.

Shelley and Mary had not been long at Sécheron before they discovered in the arrival of Byron from the Rhine and Lucerne the reason why their companion had led them thither. To her the magnetism of his presence in the preceding winter had been so strong that in letter after letter she had pursued him in London, and, in spite of his curt silences, succeeded at last in gaining his presence and flinging herself into his arms.

One glance at the soft face of Claire Clairmont told of a nature which practised no restraint. The dark eyes, the weak mouth, the waxen nose and rounded chin were all suffused with an expression which spoke with animation of her lively powers. Here with animation was that '*abandon familier rempli de séduction*' which had already played its part in the flavoured story of Queen Hortense; and Byron had not so much conquered as ceded to the suggestion of impulse and caprice which came with every movement of Claire's soft hands and intelligent eyes. Her very name made the chords of Byron's heart vibrate: for he never ceased to cherish the boyish romantic admiration he felt for his Harrow friend, Lord Clare. On April 25, freeing himself from her, he had left England for Brussels and the Rhine; on Jan. 12 in the following year she gave birth to a daughter; and now at Geneva it was the month of May.*

Neither Shelley nor Mary had yet seen the poet who had been in turn the admiration and the scandal of London. There had been a morning when fourteen thousand copies of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage' had been sold. But almost immediately afterwards such dark rumours had gathered round his name that most looked at him askance, and his wife fled from him, never to return. Claire Clairmont was not the only object of his attentions. He had had an amour with the gifted wife of William Lamb (afterwards Lord Melbourne), Lady Caroline Lamb, who had now depicted him in her novel 'Glenarvon,' and who in the frenzies of her disillusionment

* The story is told in Byron's 'Letters and Journals,' III, Appendix VII.

had described him as 'mad, bad and dangerous to know.' And there were other affairs as well.

If the face of Claire Clairmont was revealing, who could be blind to the story written on that of her paramour? With Grecian mouldings of mouth and chin, its remarkable contours were marked alike by high breeding, disdain, delicacy, sensitiveness, and passion. Yet so strongly marked upon his pale features were the lights of genius that his face was compared to an alabaster vase lit from within. He too knew the love of love and her soft hours; and he had carried it into such dark places of indiscretion that even voluptuaries assumed the horror of the prudes. His own grandson, Ralph, Earl of Lovelace, was to devote years to accusing him of a morbid crime, and though that suspicion has never been proved, it is equally true that, while the alleged crime could be explained and to some extent excused,* the suspicion of its possibility has not been finally cleared away.

The suspicion is hinted in some of the first productions of the poet's genius; it haunted his memories, while it exalted his feelings. The dominant influence upon the genius of Byron, very far from being Claire Clairmont, was that of his enthusiasm for the half-sister he had re-discovered four years before, Augusta, the wife of Colonel Leigh.

His exile from England was forced upon him by his excommunication from society. How could gossip be still when Byron, arriving at Sécheron—with his handsome, zealous young physician Polidori as attendant and admirer—met the Shelley trio? How could scandal sleep when a young man with such a reputation as Byron renewed his liaison with a creature so patently voluptuous as Claire? How could it fail to be known that Shelley was travelling with two girls neither of them married, one of whom was a mother, the other pregnant?

Shelley, seeing Mary through the light of his own idealism, dreamed only of love; Byron, at once more experienced and less delicate, knew his own liaison to be adultery.

It was not long before all four felt the disapproval in the hotel at Sécheron and moved to more secluded

* See André Maurois's 'Byron,' Preface.

quarters at Montalegre on the southern side of the lake, Byron in the stately villa of Giovanni Diodati, Milton's youthful friend, Shelley with Mary and Claire in a smaller house at Chapuis separated from the garden of the Villa Diodati only by a vineyard.

Here it was that the friendship of the poets kindled. Both were in disgrace. For if Shelley was not a rake, like Byron, he bore the stigma of a revolutionary and an atheist. Yet both were well born, and enjoyed the favour of Apollo. When two gifted men are under a ban, there is every reason why when they meet they should be in sympathy. Their meeting had an effect on Byron, on Shelley, and on Mary that raised the gifts of each to finest exercise.

It had always been true of Byron that the very nobleness of his nature and the highest exercise of his gifts came from the revolt against injured pride. He had been born not only with a foot deformed, but with a character that flung defiance against every discovery of its defects. But never had the world been so severe in its strictures as in the winter after Waterloo. 'The storm of invective raised against him,' says Moore, 'so utterly out of proportion with his offences, and the base calumnies that were everywhere heaped upon his name, left to his wounded pride no other resource than in the same summing up of strength, the same instinct of resistance to injustice, which had first forced out the energies of his youthful genius and was now destined to give a still bolder and loftier range to his powers.' *

To those, therefore, who treasure English literature, the faults and intrigues of Claire Clairmont are connected with creations exalted to rare height. Byron's poetry advanced to excellences far nobler than before; he wrote his best letters; Mary began to write not only her eloquent and delicate descriptions, but her one remarkable novel, 'Frankenstein'; Shelley, too, added to the fineness of his prose those famous hymns to Intellectual Beauty and to Mont Blanc which were the first to attest his imperial claims on his country. It was not merely that the genius of all three had an access of fervour and vigour; it attained an exaltation far more spiritual. This can no

* Moore, 'Life of Byron,' 503.

more be separated from the mutual influence of the poets than from the inspiring scenes of mountain, lake, and storm. Beauty and love are gifts so high that whenever men are moved by them to moods of admiration, their contemplation seeing transcendent visions of excellence comes near to acts of worship. The admirer's faculties are gathered up within him to the highest elevation which is, as it were, the breath within him of the eternal, and which we call spirit. Reason and imagination are inflamed by an access of exalted passion, and in their blended might create images and cadences ennobled by what they contemplate. Such were the achievements to which both poets rose in their attempt to emancipate themselves from the scandal by which they were surrounded.*

And what did they discuss? Lord Byron, said Shelley, 'is an exceedingly interesting person, and as such is it not to be regretted that he is a slave to the vilest and most vulgar prejudices and as mad as the winds?' 'The conversations of Mr Shelley,' says Moore, 'marked the extent of his poetic reading, and the strange exotic speculations into which his system of philosophy led him were of a nature strongly to arrest and interest the attention of Lord Byron and to turn him away from worldly associations and topics into more abstract and untrodden ways of thought.'† Imagination had thrown open to each her mansion and domain; but while Shelley delighted to busy himself with what was hers alone, Byron while moving there with the freedom of a master never ceased to be a man of the world; he dealt with imagination's subtleties as an Englishman of flesh and blood. Such was the reason for his swift and strong hold of his contemporaries. He gave many cultured persons access to exhilarating heights. But Shelley looked at every object through a translucent haze; his speculations differed from other men's thoughts as vapours from the liquids into which these condense. Before he knew the world he had tried to reform it to his heart's desire, and being thwarted, he had indulged his perversity in enhancing the æsthetic refinement of his nature and making yet more cloudy his impractical ideals. Byron, in spite

* Mayne, 'Byron,' II, 67.

† Moore, *op. cit.*, 539.

of everything, yet believed in God : he believed also in matter, and recognised evil—how could he help it ? But Shelley carried the Platonic idealism of Berkeley beyond the range of its own refinement. He resolved all creation into spirit and as Moore says ‘ added to this immaterial system some pervading principle, some abstract nonentity of Love and Beauty of which—at least as a substitute for deity—the philosophic Bishop had never dreamed.’ * Shelley’s mind was fervently religious, but instead of worshipping God, he established as the ultimate reality what Moore—fitly enough—called some airy abstraction of Universal Love.

It is this Shelley whom Byron depicts when he writes of Rousseau :

His love was passion’s essence,—as a tree
On fire by lightning, with ethereal flame
Kindled he was blasted ; for to be
Thus and enamoured were in him the same.
But this was not the love of living dame
Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
But of ideal beauty which became
In him existence.

The truth was that in the enjoyment of admiration, as in the contemplation of beauty, Shelley became enraptured, and this rapture, though it had one source in the appetites of nature, was linked with a genius so much more dynamic than his human feelings that it suffused the objects of his consideration with a glory not their own. He had always been fascinated by winds, skies, and light ; and his object, like Turner’s, was to depict their secret and their glory : as he saw them, however, in manifestations so magnificent that their splendour had with it a significance of ideal and dream, which took Byron higher than his genius had ever carried him before. His memories of Augusta, his dalliance with Claire were transfused with the ethereal lights lent him by the company of one whose blood was distilled to vapour illumined now by brilliance of rising suns and now by airy lightnings.

With the longest daylight of 1816 came a new moon, and with it, the two poets set out in the afternoon of

* Moore, *op. cit.*, 520.

June 23 to sail towards that eastern end of Leman which in the scenery of Switzerland takes a sovereign rank. The Cathedral of Lausanne, and the wooded slopes and meadows, were the bright azure of the water and the butterfly sails which made every boat picturesque; on the side of Evian and Meillerie rose the glistening heights of the Savoian Alps, while from Vevey and Clarens one went on to see at Chillon, with the serrated snows of the Dents du Midi, a scene to draw its tens of thousands through the years. With two such poets here, who can be surprised if the genius of Byron now composed poems he had never before approached.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep;—
All heaven and earth are still, from the high host
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain coast,
All is concenter'd in a life intense
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we are *least* alone;
A truth, which through our being then doth melt
And purifies from self: it is a tone,
The soul and source of music, which makes known
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty.

From Evian they went on to Meillerie, wrote Shelley, 'after passing with great speed mighty forests which overhung the lake and lawns of exquisite verdure, and mountains with bare and ice points which rose immediately from the summits of the rocks whose bases were echoing to the waves.' There they dined, tasting honey which was the very essence of the mountain flowers and as fragrant. Sailing on, they found the wind gradually increased in violence until it blew tremendously, and as it came from the remotest extremity of the lake produced waves of a frightful height, and covered the whole surface with a chaos of foam. One of the boatmen held on to the sail while the hurricane nearly overturned the boat, and

finally he let go so suddenly that the rudder was broken, and waves dashed into the boat. Byron took off his coat. 'I felt,' wrote Shelley, 'in the near prospect of death a mixture of sensations, among which terror entered though but subordinately. My feelings would have been less painful had I been alone, but I know that my companion would have attempted to save me, and I was overcome with humiliation that his life might have been risked to save mine.' *

But the storm abated, and they sailed on to where the Rhone flows down from Martigny to feed the lake, and to that Château de Chillon which Byron was at once to make famous in his vigorous verse for generations of his countrymen, and on to Clarens, where Rousseau had placed his Julie in her most rapturous hours. Day by day, Shelley was absorbed in 'La Nouvelle Héloïse' among the very scenes of which the story told. He was at once surprised and charmed by the passionate eloquence and enthralling interest which pervade that work. 'There was,' wrote Mary, 'something in the character of St Preux in his abnegation of self and in the worship he paid to Love that coincided with Shelley's own disposition.' † From Rousseau he often differed: he was sometimes shocked, yet the effect of the whole fascinated and delighted him.

At Ouchy he saw the old summer-house where Gibbon had finished, after twenty years, his history; but Shelley's thoughts turned from that unimpassioned spirit to 'the greater and more sacred name of Rousseau.' There he walked down to the pines which the lake was lashing with its waves. 'A rainbow spanned the lake,' he wrote, 'or rather rested with one extremity of its arch upon the water and the other at the foot of the mountains of Savoy. Some white houses—I know not if they were those of Meillerie—shone through the yellow fire.'

It was during this voyage with Byron that Shelley wrote that 'Hymn to Intellectual Beauty' which expresses with exquisite grace and poignancy the aspirations of his soul. He could no more write of heavenly love and beauty in Spenser's Christian tones than he could of

* Shelley, 'Six Weeks' Tour.'

† do.

merely human love and beauty. His intellectual beauty was a visitation of the Divine spirit in the only guise he knew. Though partial, transitory, and intangible, that visitation was so potent that it gave 'grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.' Shelley indeed knew that if a real mystical experience could assume authority over the whole of a life, it would transform the life. The mystic would be established in immortal things so that he would never taste of death: he would be made not into the image of a superhuman tyrant, but the deepest instincts of his being, his very heart would be one with the Divine Will.

Man were immortal, and omnipotent,
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.

Often storm and passion had shaken his being; yet at this time as the wondrous experience assumed authority once more, he saw that ever since his boyhood it had led him and sustained him through all his faults 'in studious zeal and love's delight.'

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine—have I not kept the vow?

To that poignancy of questioning came an answer from the loneliness with which in awe he communed. He thought of autumn's lustre, so touching in its evanescence, so solemn, so serene. And in the fervour of his youth, he prayed for the mellowed quiet that is the fitting prelude of the end, for that calm that prepares us in mind and soul to mingle with eternity.

Thus let thy power, which like the truth
Of nature on my passive youth
Descended, to my onward life supply
Its calm—to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee,
Whom, Spirit fair, thy spells did bind
To fear himself, and love all human kind.

Such was the young poet's prayer on the eve of attaining his four-and-twentieth year.

It shall be still in strictest measure
To that same lot, however mean or low,
Towards which time leads on and the will of heaven.

The moralist and theologian have looked at this phenomenon and wondered : here were these young men guilty technically of gross moral offences. One of them was not less than a rake. Some have contended that the poetry which they wrote at such a time is, in spite of its apparent elevation, tainted and unedifying, that literary excellence has no value for the soul, that poetic experience is sundered by a great chaos from true mystical experience, the one being a thing of nature, the other a thing of God and of His heavenly grace. This has been one contention : but it is not the deeper one, the one more attuned to the story of unfailing mercy which can alone explain the redemption of sinners, and on which Shelley came so often in his persistent reading of the Bible.

The God of justice is not without a perfect understanding of the nature of men and a boundless generosity toward it. Shelley was wild, but the beauty of his religion had been hidden from him, not revealed, by the clergy of his boyhood. But if he had been cut off from much, he had been offered—and had accepted—an inestimable compensation. And to that he had been true.

All beauty is a revelation of perfection, and as such has a quality poignant and transcendent. It makes us long for or enjoy something more than is seen. It is the gift of the Heavenly Spirit. So well is this gift attuned to those which theologians know as grace, that a religious mind, even though made conscious of Shelley's unorthodoxy, will find nothing jarring in his hymn. He will recognise in the realm of poetry its spiritual experience, and will accept this as a good and perfect gift. He will see how well it accords with that more religious spirit of Wordsworth which Shelley urged on Byron at the time. He will see the response in the heightened tone of Byron. For Byron explicitly connected the lift in the tone of his verse to what he shared with Shelley, as among the fine scenes in sight of Chillon they read ' *La Nouvelle Héloïse* ' the feeling with which all around Clarens and the opposite rocks of Meillerie is invested, wrote Byron, in a note, ' Is of a still higher and more comprehensive vision than the mere sympathy with individual passion ; it is a sense of the existence of love in its most extended and sublime capacity, and of our own participation in its good and its glory ; it is the great principle of the universe more

condensed but not less manifested and by which though knowing ourselves a part we lose our individuality and mingle in the beauty of the whole.' Here in the words of Byron we find the best commentary possible on Shelley's poetic transcendentalism and the 'Hymn to Intellectual Beauty.' And it is not the only witness to Shelley's influence on Byron. With the mountains and the lake, Shelley mingled such high thoughts that Byron, declaring himself half mad with metaphysics, love inextinguishable, thoughts unutterable, and the nightmare of his own delinquencies,* hailed at once as favourites the stanzas he then composed.

And the Shelleys taught Byron too to love the storm : long before Shelley had seen a storm in the Alps he had described in 'St Irvyne' how the momentary flash of blue lightning disclosed the terrific scenery of the Alps, 'whose gigantic and misshapen summits reddened by the transitory moonbeam were crossed by black fleeting fragments of the terrified clouds.' So Mary wrote with high appreciation of the thunderstorm among the mountains ; observing 'the lightning play among the clouds in various parts of the heavens and dart jagged upon the piny height of Jura, dark with the shadow of overhanging clouds.' These descriptions are echoed in Byron's magnificent description of the storm in 'Childe Harold,' † where

Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder !

It made him write :

Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me—could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings strong or weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into *one* word
And that one word were Lightning, I would speak.

Just as Byron shared with Shelley the exhilaration of the storm, so too he could enjoy in the placid surface of the lake the reflections which Shelley always loved to watch.

* Letters to Moore, Jan. 28, 1817. 'Letters and Journals,' IV, 49.

† 'Childe Harold,' III, 93-96.

The mirror where the stars and mountains view
 The stillness of their aspect in each trace
 Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue.

Nor was this all ; in the succeeding weeks the genius of Byron was occupied with the startling story of Manfred and Astarte. If we examine it carefully we will see how often its imagery is heightened by further recollections of Shelley's story of 'St Irvyne.'

Such, then, were the literary associations of the immodesty of Claire Clairmont. But so complex is the universe that they were not complete till Shelley and Mary, travelling on with Claire from Geneva to Chamounix, found themselves in the sovereign presence of Mont Blanc, and another poem celebrated an experience yet more sublime.

ROBERT SENCOURT.

Art. 7.—BRITAIN'S FOREST POLICY.

THE first post-war forest year opened in October and the first post-war planting season began some weeks before Christmas. A very brief summary of the Forestry Commission's main proposals may therefore be timely. Since space will not allow a general survey, an attempt will be made critically to consider two particular aspects of post-war forest policy: relations between the State forest authority and private woodland owners, and 'amenity.'

At the beginning it should be noted that the forest programme put forward in 1943 has still to receive the assent of Parliament. There is, however, reason to expect that it will be approved in part at least, nor is the general trend of policy likely to be changed because the Minister of Agriculture has lately become responsible for forestry questions in Parliament.

The Forestry Commission proposes that, during the next fifty years, the forest area of Great Britain should be increased from about 3,000,000 acres to about 5,000,000 acres; that is, from about 5.5 per cent. of our total land area of 56,000,000 acres to nearly 9 per cent. Nobody connected either with the State forests or with private

woodlands has found serious fault with this aim, but since there have been lay suggestions that our woodland area ought not to be increased at all, or only very little, a background of comparative facts and figures may be of interest.

At present Great Britain has the smallest (percentage) woodland area of any country in Europe: even Holland and Denmark devote over 7 per cent. of their land area to forests; thickly-populated and industrialised Belgium returns the figure of 18.4; France 19.1 and Germany 27.0. We can grow timber more quickly and in heavier crops per acre than the above or any other European countries. Yet before the war we were importing 96 per cent. of our timber needs, to an annual value of between 50,000,000*l.* and 75,000,000*l.*

It is computed that, with 5,000,000 acres of forests, we should produce one-third of our peace-time needs and that the reserves standing in the forests would then be adequate to meet the whole of our needs during any three-year period of emergency. Because it is far more economical to expand gradually (nor are there sufficient trained men for any sudden increase in the rate of afforestation) the Commission suggests that in the first post-war decade 500,000 acres should be planted and 600,000 acres of felled or derelict woodland should be replanted. For the first year the figures would be respectively 25,000 and 10,000, subject to labour and plants being available.

At the same time the excellent and successful forest workers' holdings scheme, under which workers can rent a holding of about ten acres at a low rate and be guaranteed at least one hundred and fifty days a year employment in the forest, is to be expanded. On the subject of employment generally the Forestry Commission has stated: *

'... we wish to make it clear that we regard the employment which is afforded as only incidental to and not a main object of afforestation. For efficiency in production, which is the ultimate test, it is necessary to take advantage of all useful labour-saving devices. Nevertheless, forestry presents a useful and, in many cases, the only apparent means of developing parts of rural Britain.'

The fact that forestry gives far more employment (up to forty men) per thousand acres than sheep-farming should

* Cmd. 6447.

be welcomed, especially since (as hinted) much of the afforestation will be in those depopulated areas whence the drift to town has been most evident. In time, in the larger forests, village communities of forest workers will come into being, and forestry—if the proposed programme is approved—will cease to be a minor depressed industry and become an important factor in the rural life of the nation. In 1937 the chairman, Sir Roy Robinson, stated* that the Forestry Commission was then employing about 4,000 men—and had settled 1,300 families in forest workers' holdings. But it is calculated† that 5,000,000 acres of forest in full working order would employ at least 50,000 men full-time in the forests and another 200,000 men full-time in forest industries.

From the above brief summary all reference to the scheme for the 'dedication' of private woodlands has been omitted because this proposal is best considered in the rather more detailed examination of the State-private owners relationship.

First, the background deserves a glance. So recently as 1598 Manwood, in his 'Lawes of the Forest' defined a forest as :

'a certain territorie of woody grounds and fruitfull pastures, priviledged for wild beasts and foules of forrest, chase, and warren, to rest and abide in, in the safe protection of the king, for his princely delight and pleasure.'

In time most of the ancient royal forests were broken up, but under private ownership the woodlands retained their old character: they were regarded primarily as play-grounds, for hunting or shooting, and only secondarily as sources of timber. (It may perhaps be interpolated that this playboy outlook prevails among the lay public to this day, as well as among many owners: more will be said of the matter when 'amenity' is considered.) While Britain's first timber requirement was oak, both of large size and also in the crooked lengths of knee-timber for naval architecture, the ancient hunting-ground forests with their huge spreading trees yielded the right kind of

* A broadcast discussion, printed subsequently in 'The Listener' May 12, 1937.

† Cmd. 6447.

crop, if in inadequate quantities. But after the Battle of Hampton Roads in 1862 the demand for naval timber of the old kind virtually ceased, steel being needed where oak had been used. Britain's chief timber requirement then became softwoods for industrial purposes—deals and pitprops. Woodland owners, considered by and large, did little to meet this change in the country's needs: most of the woods were neglected or misused primarily as game preserves, and the crops of timber in the private woods were assessed, between 1914 and 1940, at from one-third to one-fifth of what they would have been under efficient management.

Nevertheless, because there was practically no State forestry in this country until 1919, the private owners have been able to boast that they provided about 99 per cent. of the home-produced timber in the First World War, and about 95 per cent. in the Second World War. As one of their spokesmen has written: * 'it is no credit to any politician or forest authority that we have just pulled through; credit must be given to the private growers.' (A sceptical reader may well ask, 'What credit is attached to the production of a crop one-third to one-fifth of what it should have been?')

However, while Great Britain was a rich creditor nation she could afford to allow her woodlands to be neglected and mismanaged and to buy from abroad what timber she needed—though the drawbacks of this policy were patent during the two world wars. But now the position has changed completely: the luxury of waste woodlands or unproductive forest can no longer be afforded, since our supplies of foreign exchange are pitifully small and the world's timber supplies are declining.

The Forestry Commission therefore suggests that the chief woodlands of the country should either be acquired by the State or be 'dedicated' by their owners to the primary purpose of timber production. 'Dedicated' woodlands would be managed (by their owners) to plans approved by the forest authority, which would give advice and have powers of inspection, and the State would grant substantial financial assistance.

Most of the owners who are seriously interested in

* C. P. Ackers, 'Our Woodlands' (1945).

forestry approve this suggestion, at least so far as its general tendency is concerned, but the chief spokesmen, such as the committees of the two Royal Forestry Societies, are obviously embarrassed by the backwardness of land-owners who care more for hunting or shooting than for silviculture. Some extracts from published reports may illustrate the position.

At meetings between representatives of the Royal Forestry Societies and other bodies representing land-owners with the Commission there were *

'doubts as to whether the small woodland owner could keep adequate accounts,';

and

'some concern was expressed lest the owner should not be given reasonable time to make up his mind.'

An eminent private forester writes : †

'... the sad and uneconomic state of our woodlands is entirely due to the lack of interest, lack of foresight and general lack of forestry knowledge in successive generations of politicians ; ... the Forestry Commission ... has almost entirely neglected its duty to ensure the improvement of private woodland crops. ...'

The Royal Forestry Societies complain ‡ of 'Government apathy towards private forestry' :

'The Forestry Commission provided no effective stimulus, no challenge to those woodland owners who were indolent or ignorant. It secured no market for the thinnings from estate woodlands and made no inquiry into the economics of estate woodland management. ...'

'There was no officer in the Commission whose special function it was to advance the interests of estate forestry or to devise means of improving it. ...'

'... we have no knowledge of the officers (of the Forestry Commission) ever having sought access to backward estates in order to encourage the adoption of more energetic woodland management. ...'

'There has in the past been no challenge to backward

* Cmd. 6500.

† C. P. Ackers, 'Our Woodlands' (1945).

‡ 'Post-war Forestry,' a report prepared by the Royal Scottish Forestry Society and the Royal English Forestry Society, 1944.

owners to manage their woods efficiently and the Forestry Commissioners have failed to set up an Advisory Service which would bring home to owners a sense of their obligations.'

Since these selected quotations may give the impression that the private woodlands of this country are owned entirely by imbecile children, it may be well to stress that the writers are for the most part themselves private owners and strong believers in enlightened and progressive private management. But it will be appreciated that, if the representatives of private ownership can write like that, the problem of the backward owners is really serious, and any supervisory authority will clearly have to combine the functions of governess ('good disciplinarian') and wet nurse.

This is not the place to discuss details, but nothing is to be gained by glossing over difficulties, and a single example of the kind of conflict between different interests may usefully be set forth.

Both the Forestry Commission and the Royal Forestry Societies recommend that rabbits should be exterminated absolutely and that measures to this end should be concerted on a national basis. Now anyone who knows the position that rabbits occupy in the countryside, as the direct object of sport and as the food of ferrets, young pheasants and (most important of all!) foxes, will also know that this sensible proposal of extermination would be strongly opposed by the many backward landowners (and other people) who find the chief interest of their lives in field sports. Perhaps the position may be roughly summarised in a statement that more people care for fox-hunting than for forestry. The importance of rabbits as a forest pest should be clearly understood. Rabbits are one reason, perhaps the chief single reason, why there is so little natural regeneration in British forests—why over 90 per cent. of our timber trees have to be planted by hand. And they are the reason why plantations have to be so expensively fenced. Writing on the subject of State subventions for private planting, the late Professor of Forestry at Oxford observed : *

'It has been found, however, that if the amount contributed by the State falls much short of 50 per cent., the inducement to plant becomes insufficient. In Britain the

* 'Forestry and State Control' (1938), by R. S. Troup, D.Sc., F.R.S.

cost of planting is approximately doubled by the necessity for fencing against rabbits, and the State would hardly be justified in contributing half the total cost under such conditions.'

A list of the several reasons why a State should have some effective power to prevent the waste or neglect of woodlands would not convert those people who oppose any extension of State control in any sphere. Here it must suffice to quote Professor Troup,* who was no socialist :

'The factor which, above all others, may render State control advisable is the time element, which introduces an essential difference between forestry and agriculture.'

The same authority notes the different measures of control over private woodlands which prevailed in the chief forest countries of Europe in 1937-38, and remarks how smoothly the schemes sometimes work. Of some of the least compromising measures he wrote : *

'Direct Government interference through inspecting officers may appear at first sight to be a measure both harsh and productive of friction. In practice this is not usually the case, at all events in countries where systematic forestry is well understood and where a forest sense prevails. Here the trained woodland manager is skilled in his profession and is regarded by the official forest officer as a colleague with whom problems may be discussed on equal terms. Under such conditions Government inspection is purely nominal, direct interference is seldom called for, and there is no more reason for friction than there is, for instance, between the medical practitioner and the public health officer.'

Unfortunately the Royal Forestry Societies in Britain have expressed their distrust of the Forestry Commission as at present constituted, and their desire for a separate authority to supervise estate woodlands. There is plenty of room for speculation as to what particular arrangement would be best in a country where systematic forestry is *not* well understood and where forest sense does *not* prevail. But in no event can private woodlands remain so neglected or mismanaged that they produce only 20 to 33-per cent. of what they might produce, and owners who are unable or unwilling to put their woods in order must have the task performed for them.

* 'Forestry and State Control' (1938), by R. S. Troup, D.Sc., F.R.S.

It is almost a truism that Britain is an old country, where tradition means much. When the relationship between the State and landowners is being considered, the lack of any national tradition of good forestry (at least, in England and Wales) must always be remembered: that, indeed, is the reason for the continued survival, with slight modifications, of the old Norman-Plantagenet conception of a forest. When questions of amenity are considered, very many of the difficulties are found to be rooted in the same soil: people know and care little or nothing for forests *qua* forests; as the Norman kings and Victorian dukes thought of forests as game preserves, so people to-day think of forests as playgrounds for picnics and camping: the scenery counts for more than the timber, and there should be no restrictions on fire-lighting!

A second factor of great importance is human conservatism or dislike of change—at least in an old country ruled largely by tradition. It is always wrong to fell trees and it is almost certainly wrong also to plant trees, for either action means a change. The position is very well illustrated by a little story which Mr C. P. Ackers tells in his 'Practical British Forestry' (1938). Having felled some trees, Mr Ackers was told, 'we miss the shade so much on our walk going to church.' The area was replanted and 'in a very few years criticism came from same source: "It's nice to see your trees growing so well, but it's sad they are hiding out the lovely views you opened up."' Again, nearly everyone, being accustomed to the larch, now admires its beauty when it first flushes in spring, but when the tree was a relative novelty it was denounced by Wordsworth:

'... as a tree, it is less than any other pleasing... it affords neither shade nor shelter. In spring the Larch becomes green long before the native trees, and its green is so peculiar and vivid, that, finding nothing to harmonise with it wherever it comes forth, a disagreeable speck is produced. In summer, when all the other trees are in their pride, it is of a dingy, lifeless hue; in autumn of a spiritless unvaried yellow; and in winter it is still more lamentably distinguished from every other deciduous tree of the forest: for they seem only to sleep; but the Larch appears absolutely dead.

These two chief elements of the situation, popular ignorance or misconception of what a forest is or should be

and a 'Blimpish' dislike of any change, explain the deplorable fact that the general public only notices the country's forests and its forest policy when it wishes to fault some development which is probably sound and possibly long overdue. For example, the large-scale planting of conifers to produce softwood timber should have begun at least eighty years ago, in the eighteenth-sixties. In the event, little or nothing was done until the nineteen-twenties: people were not sufficiently intelligent to discern by ratiocination what was needed: they had to learn like children by experience—the experience of the first world war. And then, when a State forest authority had been formed and the large-scale planting of conifers to provide pitwood in some future emergency had begun, the protests also began: 'regimented rows of incongruous conifers' . . . 'rigid and monotonous ranks of spruce, dark green to blackish, goose-stepping on the fellside' . . . 'the impudent symmetry of the young spruce, the formalism of the mature spruce' . . . 'stark rows of Christmas trees' . . . *et ad nauseam*. The same people who were and still are protesting may be found among those timber consumers who use 94 per cent. of softwoods (from despised conifers) to 6 per cent. of hardwoods. But there, of course, is a crux of the matter: the critics do not want to inquire intelligently what timber is needed or what the soil might grow, but only to react (rather like spoilt children whose will is crossed) with protests that 'We don't like you; your alien trees are changing the view.'

It may perhaps be conceded now—since it is easy to be wise after the event—that the forest authority has not always been happy in its handling of these matters. There are times for being firm with spoilt children, but there are also times for carefully refraining from crossing them or for humouring them. It would have been better to have avoided altogether the more highly esteemed of the popular stamping-grounds in the Lake District, and it would have been well in certain areas (such as Thetford) to make broad-leaved belts more numerous and of greater depth, especially along roadsides. At present many of Britain's larger blocks of young conifers have broad-leaved belts all unknown to the average passer-by: the pines or the spruces, more than fifteen feet high, are very obvious, while the broad-leaved belt between the road and

the conifers consists of small beech, chestnut, or red oak mixed with younger pine nurses which largely conceal the belt which will eventually emerge. But that, of course, is only what is to be expected when broad-leaved species are planted on sites which are really fit for nothing but conifers as an initial crop.

And here is the second chief reason for planting far more conifers than broad-leaved trees. The first was the much greater demand for softwood timber—and especially the national need of pitwood reserves against any future emergency—and the second is the character of the ground available for afforestation. The Forestry Commission does not seek to compete with wheat and hop growers for the best soils, but acquires for timber production such territories as will not produce, economically, much of anything else. And in these poor soils, whether on East Anglian brecklands or above the 1,000 feet line on Welsh mountains, only conifers will produce good crops of timber.

The recent war came too soon for the Commission's young conifer forests to have been devastated, as they might have been had they been ten or twenty years older, and it may therefore be proper, despite the war, to recall the words of the chairman, Sir Roy Robinson, in 1937:* 'The great urgency to raise quickly some sort of supply of softwoods has been met in part, and we can now afford more time and attention for the broader aspects of forestry.' Nevertheless, the Forestry Commission's name merits a moment's notice: it is not the Amenity Commission, and it receives its grants to grow timber. There have been several occasions upon which considerations of amenity might have been allowed more weight if only there had been more money available. For example, straight-line boundaries on hillsides have been much criticised, and not without æsthetic reasons, but a straight line is the cheapest kind of boundary.

Incidentally, when foresters read an outburst against the 'patterned geometry' of their plantations or the 'squares, triangles, and rhombuses of conifers suggesting a cubist painter at pygmy war with the hills' majestic sweeping curves' they cannot help recalling that 'the patchwork

* In a broadcast discussion, printed in 'The Listener,' May 12, 1937.

quilt of the English landscape' has been a common metaphor of appreciation with topographical writers. Again, there seems to be a slight inconsistency about denouncing, one day, the straight lines in which trees are planted, and, the next day, enthusing about some avenue (dead-straight and obviously planted by man) as 'Nature's cathedral aisle.'

But those are perhaps trifling muddles in the public mind. The significant point, for those who form forest policy, is that amenity costs money, and if the electorate wishes money to be spent on amenity, it should say so unequivocally—and it might bear the expressed wish in mind when beer, tobacco, and income taxes are being considered at Budget time. As things are, the Forestry Commission has twice been sharply cut in its grants—in 1923 and 1931—and on the latter occasion some 70,000,000 trees had to be burnt in the nurseries for lack of funds with which to pay for planting out in the forests. While the nation conducts its 'economy' on those lines, the Commission obviously cannot spend very much money on scenic considerations. Further, where efforts have been made, the results have not always been encouraging. Hundreds of ornamental trees have been stolen from the roadside belts planted to screen or relieve the large blocks of conifers, and dozens of bird boxes were robbed and/or destroyed during the last forest year alone.

The fear that afforestation, and particularly the planting of conifers, may lead to the complete alteration of the landscape is not well founded. Locally, where large forests are established, there must obviously be changes, but the landscape as a whole, as viewed from most points of eminence, derives its character from hedgerow trees and small shaws or spinnies rather than from large woods or forests. Further, even when the full programme is completed fifty years hence, Great Britain's forests will cover barely 9 per cent. of her total land area: in other words, the country will be less than half as heavily wooded as France is now.

But here something should be said against the prevalent notion that all changes are necessarily for the worse. Whatever may be done to disguise them with broad-leaved belts, the character of some woodlands is changing, and conifers must undoubtedly occupy a proportionately

larger place in the country. In these circumstances it is worth noting that a conifer is not necessarily an ugly tree, and that planted coniferous forests have a beauty of their own which should be judged and appreciated on its own grounds, and not be denounced because it is different from that of an ancient oak or beech forest. Forest of the semi-parkland type with many over-mature trees and glades in which deer may be seen feeding has its own romantic beauty, and its own power to recall half-forgotten stories of Robin Hood. But the tranquillity and the classical beauty of a coniferous forest, where the emphasis is on vertical lines and order rather than on wild disorder, also has its appeal, especially for those able to appreciate austere grace.

Most of the State conifer plantations in England and Wales are still too young to be really pleasing to anyone other than a professional forester, but it is likely that, as the conifer forests mature, they will be more and more appreciated as refuges of peace and true country in an increasingly noisy and restless world. One reasonable guess may be hazarded: when the time for felling comes, there will be howls of anguish from the sons and grandsons of those persons who have been and are even now objecting to the planting of the trees: farmers may harvest their sainfoin or their wheat without being denounced as Philistines, but foresters have learnt by experience that they are always vandals of the worst type when they harvest timber.

Protests against 'alien trees' are too silly to merit much attention. The protestants themselves grow alien fruit and vegetables (greengages and tomatoes, potatoes and runner-beans) in their gardens, and the list of timber trees which are indigenous to Britain is pitifully short, with only one economic conifer, the Scots pine. A forest, like a language, should be a living concept, open to enrichment from outside: the 'alien' line of criticism is an appeal to thoughtless prejudice, on the basis that any rod will serve to beat an object of dislike—for only the blindest and most insular fault-finders could on reflection object to Lebanon cedars and laburnums in the garden or to the ten or dozen magnificent foreign timber trees now being largely used in our forests. As a matter of fact, it was only by an accident of natural history that Britain

did not have her own native forests of some Continental species, such as the Norway spruce, and fossil remains have shown that our country did support, before the Ice Age, one or two of the 'alien' North American species which are now being planted.

The effects of forests on wild life—which may properly be considered with amenity—is complicated, and the Forestry Commission comes under heavy fire from different people with opposing interests. The sporting community attacks forest policy when some measures of control are enforced against capercaillie, blackgame, and roedeer—all serious pests in the young forests. Farmers complain that the forests harbour foxes and badgers and raptorial birds. Serious naturalists and ecologists are concerned about the inevitable changes in fauna and flora, such as the local displacement of stone curlews when bare brecklands are afforested. In short, foresters know well that, whatever they do, they will be offending some vocal section of the community, and that they will receive little or no credit for promoting the interests of any other section.

It should be admitted that foresters are, on the whole, against rabbits, hares, squirrels, deer, and blackgame, because these creatures are extremely destructive of many of their trees. Badgers and most of the game-keeper's 'vermin' are the forester's friends because they prey upon rabbits, voles, and other forest pests. Insect-eating birds are also desired and encouraged in the forests. But the effects of afforestation are not always what foresters themselves would wish: for example, Britain's growing woodlands provide harbourage for large numbers of wild deer, which (quite unknown to most people) exist in considerable numbers in nearly every division. Prediction is risky, but it is probable that the expanding conifer forests will bring back the long-eared owl and the red squirrel (the former a friend, the latter a foe of the forester) to areas whence they have disappeared, and it is possible that the polecat and the pine marten (both friends of the forester) may multiply and extend their range: in fact, there is some evidence that polecats are already spreading from their fastness. Naturalists and ecologists would, of course, be delighted to see polecats and martens return, but poultry-keepers would not smile. The whole subject

of wild life is so complicated by interwoven influences and opposing interests that it would perhaps be unprofitable to analyse it further; any detailed examination would require a paper to itself.

A writer defending serious forest policy may be forgiven if he concludes a review of 'amenity' questions with a reference *ad hominem*. A dispassionate student of these matters might find some entertainment by observing the status and professions of people who raise 'amenity' objections to forest policy. The farmer-poultry-keeper outlook on 'vermin' has been recognised and is easily understood, but it may be pertinently noted that the critics of straight lines and alien incongruous conifers are nearly always people who have preferred the greater rewards which an urban life can offer; they care so much about the country that they spend, perhaps, three out of every fifty-two weeks in the country, and they therefore naturally regard the country as a park or playground and not as a workshop or a territory managed to produce food and the timber of their floors, doors, and window frames. But it is perhaps overmuch to expect of human nature that the critics should themselves ponder this appraisement of the position.

A summary of those aspects of forestry policy here considered may be stated in a very few sentences. If the Commission's proposals are approved by Parliament, the effective forest area of Great Britain will be increased by between 50 and 100 per cent., almost entirely by State action. The relationship between State and private forestry is uneasy, and the precise lines of future development uncertain, but effective State control over private woodlands is both desirable and inevitable. More consideration is likely to be given to amenity, but the general public on its part should give more consideration to forests and show more sympathy with the complicated problems of forestry.

By way of postscript it may be suggested that the National Forest Parks should help foresters and the public to appreciate each others' points of view. It is hoped * that in the first post-war decade some ten to twenty new National Forest Parks will be added to the

* Cmd. 6447.

four or five opened since 1935. Though forestry is the dominant power and interest in these forest parks, special provision is made for the public; there are camping grounds and other accommodation, and particular attention is paid to all aspects of amenity, the localities being chosen largely for the beauty of their scenery.

J. D. U. WARD.

Art. 8.—WHAT PARTS OF THE BRAIN DO THE THINKING?

PERHAPS the most interesting by-product in the researches of the brain surgeon has been to establish a bit more precisely the areas of intelligence in the brain. Dr Walter E. Dandy, several years ago, was considerably dismayed to find that when the right half of the brain had been removed in a patient suffering from a massive brain tumor, there had been no deterioration in his mental powers. Similarly, Dr Richard W. Brickner and other surgeons have found that removing the frontal lobes or front portion of the brain did not result in any appreciable changes in the patient's mental equipment. In fact in several instances, heroic brain surgery has resulted in increased mental acuity.

For many years doctor and philosopher pondered the question as to whether one could really learn about intelligence by taking the brain apart with the scalpel. Can the brain anatomist or brain surgeon tell us why some men are genuises and others fools by noting certain peculiarities in brain architecture?

The first of the brain students was Dr Franz Gall, who was a most excellent anatomist, but, unfortunately, not a very clear thinker. He believed that slight elevations in the skull meant corresponding elevations of the underlying brain. After a great deal of elaboration he found that some twenty-six different bumps meant as many hyper-developed brain areas with resultant superior attainment in as many different fields of thought. Later years proved that this was just so much poppycock, but

in spite of this, phrenology became a practice with a vast following among quacks and practitioners of the shady arts.

Dr Gall, however, did serve one useful purpose. He directed the attention of serious students to the brain. A clamour went up for more and better brains. It was a rather easy matter to obtain the brains of hospital patients who had died and had been subjected to an autopsy. But the brain anatomists were not satisfied with just the brains of ordinary men. They wanted the brains of men of genius.

Strange as it may seem, men of talent and even men of genius were not adverse to having their brains studied after death. Groups were formed among the intellectuals whose members bequeathed their brains for study. There was now a plentiful supply of all sorts of brains for the brain anatomist to study.

Now, felt the brain student, the opportunities were at hand to really learn the secret of the hiding-places of intelligence. The first study on the brain of men of genius and those of ordinary achievement was undertaken in 1860 by Dr Rudolph Wagner. Dr Wagner was bequeathed the brains of three men of genius, the brain of Gauss, one of the greatest mathematicians who ever lived, being among them. Dr Wagner undertook a very careful comparative study of the brain of Gauss, the mathematician, and the brain of Krebs, an ordinary day-labourer. After the most painstaking examination Dr Wagner could not find the slightest difference in the two brains.

Dr Wagner studied the fissures of both brains; he studied the depth of the convolutions, their number and pattern. He also compared the weights. They were practically identical in all respects.

Quite frequently it has been found that the brain of an idiot weighs more than that of a man of superior talent. The brains of some of the really great have sometimes been very light in weight. The depth and number of convolutions are not more complicated in the brain of a man of talent than in that of a moron.

A little later brain anatomists and surgeons began to study particular portions of the brain in an attempt to learn the secret of intelligence. The front portions of the

brain were thought to be that part of the brain in which the higher faculties were located. For a time this was preached as gospel truth. But a careful study of the frontal lobes of the brains of the eminent psychologist and university president G. Stanley Hall and of the world-famous physician Sir William Osler, and a comparison with the frontal lobes of the brains of men of ordinary mental endowment revealed no essential differences. Further, the experiences of brain surgeons proved that when even a large portion of the frontal lobes had been destroyed by disease the patient did not suffer a great deal of mental upheaval.

For many years brain anatomists despaired of ever finding a physical basis for intelligence. A great many studies had been made on weight, depth of fissure, pattern of convolution, but no notable differences had been discovered. It was not possible for a brain student to take two brains, one that of a man of genius and the other that of an illiterate day-labourer, and tell them apart.

One fact, and a most important one, finally dawned upon the consciousness of the brain student. He realised that he was studying the brains of dead men, machines which no longer functioned. One cannot learn very much about the efficiency of a machine when the machine is at rest. A larger and more powerfully constructed machine is not necessarily a more efficient one. The machine in motion really tells the story. What is the source of the power? How efficiently is potential energy converted into living energy?

What is the driving power of the brain, the fuel, so to speak, which kindles thought? The answer is simple, as every student of body mechanics knows. It is the blood supply. The blood nourishes the brain. The blood supply of the brain tells the story of brain power more completely than do the most painstaking studies of the dead grey and white matter that go into the making of the brain. Dr Henry Donaldson, a most excellent brain anatomist, has well said: 'The best of brains make a poor showing in a fainting individual.' During fainting and death the brain is drained of blood as well as of power.

The most serious mistake the early brain anatomists made when studying the brain was to remove and discard the brain coverings. And yet it was not the brain itself

but the membranes which covered the brain that had a most interesting story to tell. The brain coverings contained the arteries and veins that nourish the brain, and a study of the size and complexity of these arteries tell us more about brain power than the size, weight, and complexity of the brain structure itself.

The first real discovery of the secret of superior brain power was made in 1926 by Dr Hindzie, who devoted particular attention to the blood supply of the brain coverings of persons of superior mental power and persons of ordinary mental ability. He began to find real differences. He found that the blood supply of the brain coverings of those of superior mental endowment was richer and more complex. From a careful study of the blood supply of the brain one can now definitely state whether the brain was that of a man of talent or that of a moron.

For the first time the brain anatomist has at least a partial answer as to what brain power depends upon. He knows that it does not depend upon the weight of the brain nor the complexity of its make-up. It depends a great deal on the amount of blood supplied to the brain. The more numerous the blood supplies the greater the mental abilities. The brain coverings of men of genius have blood-vessels of magnificent calibre and are rich in the supply of these conduits of blood. The half-wit, on the other hand, has a brain covering poor in blood-vessels, and these are of constricted calibre.

Dr Donald Laird has recently shown that mental efficiency depends upon increased blood circulation to the brain. His tests were as simple as they were conclusive. The first test showed that when a man is in a position where his heels are higher than his head, his mental efficiency, other factors being equal, is increased. The other test showed that mental alertness and accuracy are measurably decreased by eating a heavy meal at noon.

The fairly obvious deduction from these facts is that one's mental efficiency is in direct ratio to the supply of blood to the brain because the erect position reduced the amount of blood in that organ by the well-known principles of hydrostatics, while a heavy meal draws the blood away from the brain to the organs of digestion.

Still more recently Dr Lennox has conducted a series

of interesting experiments on the relation between mental activity and blood flow. He found that in mental activity the total blood flow through the brain is probably increased as a result of an accumulation of carbon dioxide in the brain tissues or because of an increase in the systemic blood pressure. This increased blood flow plays an active part in increased mental work.

Another important point which the surgeons in their explorations of the brain discovered is that the composition of the blood itself plays a very important role in fostering intelligence. The amount of sugar, of lime, and of other important elements is of the utmost importance. It is believed that mental processes may be controlled by the character of the blood stream. The architecture of the brain cell depends not only upon the amount of blood brought to it but also upon the quality of the blood.

A careful study of the amounts of lime in the blood and in various types of mental illnesses by Drs Solomon Katzenelbogen and Harry Goldsmith has brought some very interesting facts to light. Most cases of insanity of organic origin have a smaller lime content of the blood than those that are normal. Lime is but one factor and the whole story cannot be based on lime alone.

Drs Katzenelbogen and Friedman-Buchman have studied the amounts of sugar in various cases of mental disturbance and have found something of interest in this connection. In the majority of cases of insanity the amount of blood sugar is usually increased above normal limits. This is particularly true of split-personality insanity. The higher the blood sugar the higher the nervous tension of the individual. It thus appears that the abnormally sweet brain is a crazy brain, a brain of confused thought and mentation.

EDWARD PODOLSKY.

Art. 9.—LANGUAGE WITHOUT WORDS.

ANYBODY who studies the natural plan must sometimes wonder what purpose is served by the voices of birds and beasts—that is, if one accepts the theory that nothing functions without a reason. Jack London once epitomised life as one voracious appetite, the fundamental law of the Wild being ‘Eat or be eaten.’ Admitting this principle, outcry upon the part of wild creatures would seem at the same time to facilitate and defeat both objectives. When an animal raises its voice, its whereabouts are proclaimed—often quite unnecessarily—for the benefit of any other creature that may be interested, either upon offensive or defensive grounds. One would naturally assume that the falcon’s attention would be directed to the cooing pigeon or, upon the other hand, that the roar of lion or cry of fox would set all ground game in the neighbourhood upon its guard. The story of the wood warbler snatched from its perch in mid song by the sparrow-hawk is a case in point. Had the wren kept quiet, it would probably have escaped notice. Had the hawk announced its approach by bellicose cries, the small bird would have dived for cover. As it was, silence scored while outcry paid the penalty. On the other hand, had the wren been silent, the hawk, who must kill to live, would have found other game by other means, and the woodland would still have lost one of its inhabitants. And that is probably the answer. Sound, though helpful to both hunter and hunted, is superficial in the maintenance of Nature’s balance, there being no creature that hunts exclusively by ear or depends upon its hearing alone for defence. There are animals which use their vocal organs for intimidation—again either in attack or defence. The tiger with his bewildering purr or any weasel whose menacing screech checks even a resolute enemy are perhaps the best examples of these.

Generally speaking, however, noise does not figure in wild hunting. The principle that silence is golden holds good upon either side, and when this rule is abandoned, it means that outcry no longer matters, or that the creature who utters it is indifferent to the consequence. When the falcon’s scream sends every grouse cowering into the heather it denotes that the rapacious bird is not

interested in other 'feather.' When the wild pack breaks into full chorus, the game is already on the run and no further purpose served by keeping quiet. Briefly, the part played by voice, either in the actual preserving or destroying of life, is secondary, and its main function in Natural History must be sought elsewhere, since it belongs to the psychological rather than the practical side of wild-life study.

It is generally recognised that beasts and birds have 'neither speech nor language,' as we interpret these terms. Perhaps it would be more literally correct to say that the many languages extant in the wild are wordless, or that the creatures so often erroneously described as 'dumb' lack *verbal* expression. It is quite obvious that many sounds uttered by both bird and beast are far from being meaningless. Nothing could be more intelligible than the cluck of a hen to collect her brood, or the loud warning 'rattle' with which an ordinary farmyard cock announces that a bird of prey is overhead. In each case, respectively, the chicks run to the call, the hens scatter for cover. No *words* could be more effective. Such calls are quite distinct from those which merely express some emotion or physical need. They have a definite import, recognised by those for whom they are intended, and more closely approach deliberate speech than song, which is stereotyped and, up to a certain point, mechanical.

Excluding the possibility of ideas being exchanged in human fashion, one finds it hard to believe that there is no such thing as conversation between birds of the more intelligent orders. At one end of my garden is a great oak in which rooks daily assemble. When the tree is in full leaf the birds cannot often be seen, but their presence is indicated by confidential murmurings which can only be described as 'talk.' It is not a confused babble as when a flock of starlings alight. The sounds rather suggest a series of monologues, like prosy old men holding forth in turn at a meeting. The voices rise and fall in quaint guttural cadences, and even the most unimaginative listener could scarcely consider them meaningless. It may be nothing more than the expression of contentment or the sense of companionship, but there is no justification for assuming that bird discourse necessarily lacks all point because not conforming to our ideas of speech.

Insects such as ants or bees work upon highly regimental lines without human intelligence or human standards to direct them, and it is quite conceivable that other animals have a simple basic language, wordless certainly, for the elementary purpose that it serves. That dogs, horses, and many 'performing' creatures learn to interpret words and phrases is obvious, and a mentality capable of connecting sound with experience should also be equal to acquiring expressions helpful in the natural life.

That animals discover the whereabouts of others by voice is certain, this being quite apart from the mere interchange of call-notes. A scattered partridge covey reassembles by this means alone, and a lost hill pony, when seeking its fellows, whinnies for guidance, then pauses and listens for the expected answer. Here information is undoubtedly imparted by voice, and the length to which this principle may extend is an interesting question. More often than not it seems to be indirect in operation. The cry of a hunting animal, hound, wolf or wild dog, is mainly uttered in self satisfaction or sheer excitement, but it serves to rally the pack, and any one watching an old hound who has just recovered a lost line, cannot doubt that he is giving tongue with purpose, or, in other words, making an announcement. And this applies to cries of alarm which also serve as a warning or S.O.S. When a brooding curlew, buzzard, or other large bird starts from her nest, she breaks into harsh clamour—her manner of expressing agitation or distress. She may not necessarily intend to summon her mate who is feeding, perhaps, miles away, yet within a few moments, as if conjured out of space, the second bird arrives, to render help if direct action is needed, or, if not, merely to contribute his own voice to the disturbance. The hen bird would certainly call quite as lustily had she no mate to summon, outcry being her natural reaction whether mated or widowed. On the other hand, polygamous birds utter no call for help, either directly or indirectly. In the case of a pheasant, for example, she even lacks the ability, there being no natural provision for a course which could serve no purpose.

Bird song is generally regarded as the essential language of mating, but this is only true up to a certain point. Song is an emotional outlet, confined, with a few

outstanding exceptions, to the nesting season. It is, none the less, quite impersonal, and bears little resemblance to the intimate language in which the bird addresses its mate. Any one in the habit of taming garden birds, such as chaffinches or robins, enjoys many opportunities of hearing their infinitely softer love-notes, which are only audible at close quarters and when the birds are either unconscious of or indifferent to observation. A year or two ago we noticed that a little 'tame wild' robin, who spent a great deal of time in the house, was often attracted by his own reflection in mirrors. A pocket mirror was therefore fixed on his habitual perch, the top of a screen. For hours on end he would entertain himself talking—one could call it nothing else—to his duplicate, the mysterious looking-glass bird which somehow never materialised, but lost shape and vanished into flat, hard unresponsiveness when he got too near.

For the monologue which he kept up on these occasions there was only one expression, 'soft nothings,' but every piped syllable thrilled with sentimental admiration which in itself was curious. The bird was considered to be a male, but he certainly did not regard his second self as a rival, thus differing from the cock chaffinches which so often dash themselves against the window-panes. He obviously considered the bird of the glass a creature to be wooed, and even if a mistake had been made as to the robin's own sex, the puzzle remained, since to him or her the reflection suggested a potential *mate*.

That same robin and another who charmed me with his frequent visits during a long illness had a peculiar little form of address which, if not intended to be purely companionable, effectively served that purpose. Each delivered it while perched on the back of a chair or even on my knee. It was a soft, warbling refrain in no way resembling the customary song, and was sometimes started by way of accompaniment to the radio, when it occasionally developed into a song in good earnest, and my wife often coaxed the mirror-gazer into voice by pitching a note, and later, merely by inviting him to 'sing.' Contentment and a sense of security doubtless helped to loosen his tongue on these occasions, but the sociable tendency was also there and took this form of expression.

In referring to ordinary bird song as 'mechanical' or conventional, it was far from my intention to belittle either its interest or its fascination. On the contrary, it is so absorbing and complex a subject that the difficulty lies in finding a point from which to embark upon it. Admittedly, bird music lacks originality. Its limitations are also obvious. The latter, however, rather adds to its interest since each bird so rigidly adheres to its own restricted vocabulary. Every combination of notes or harmonies is the exclusive property of a species, a distinct language, recognisable to the musical naturalist who, to that extent, himself becomes a bird linguist.

A young bird does not learn its song. Chicken reared artificially cackle or crow when they grow older without instruction from adults, and so when a young bird's musical efforts are not entirely successful, it merely means that his vocal organs are not yet fully developed. A fundamental difference between the language of man and that of other animals is that the one is largely imitative, the other natural. Human beings possess similar elementary faculties for expressing emotion with the voice, such as laughter, sobbing, or cries of pain and terror; but while they developed and cultivated the use of the voice, the less intelligent animals advanced no farther from the stage that met their limited requirements. So the bird sings as naturally and spontaneously as the child laughs or the kitten purrs, and when he sings he knows the correct sequence of notes, although his own song is as strange to him as any alien tune. The entire proceeding is so comprehensible that one can only wonder that any one should try to prove the contrary.

There are, of course, many birds that possess no distinctive song of their own, and these, curiously enough, are multilingual. The effect is a little of everything and nothing quite right. Since bird-notes are so numerous it is also inevitable that one should sometimes resemble another, without the question of actual mimicry necessarily arising. In such cases, however, the difference is usually more distinct than the resemblance. It is like a Frenchman or Italian speaking English. The pronunciation may be perfect, but it seldom disguises his nationality, and it is the same with birds. A starling, for example, wittingly or otherwise, reproduces the whistle of a golden

plover most realistically. But while the note is plover, the voice remains starling. Certain green-finches, again, have a double note curiously like the peewit's onomatopoeic call, but amateurish indeed would be the naturalist who, when hearing it, looked around for a lapwing.

Among recognised singers, the common thrush, besides being one of the most prolific, is also probably the most individualised. His voice is one of the few whose phrases can be interpreted into human words without undue exaggeration. Yet even he is restricted both in vocabulary and register. Although he sings far into the twilight, he never encroaches upon the realm of nocturnal vocalists, which is a pity, as his great musical ability would be widely appreciated at night. Even people who care little for bird voices in general are often impressed by the thrush's evening song, continuing, as it does, long after the full sunset chorus has closed down.

There is no bird that sings exclusively at night, nocturnal vocalists being those whose musical output is so prolific that the entire round of the clock is required for its full expression. Strains heard after dark, however, do not necessarily proceed from nightingale, sedge-warbler, or any recognised nocturnal performer. Everyone supposed to be knowledgeable on such matters is asked now and again to identify some mysterious song, heard by starlight but seldom traceable when investigated. Thompson Seton, when he heard 'the strange night song' on the Plains, attributed it to 'some little bird that was too happy to express it all in daylight hours,' and this solution, casually reached, doubtless accounts for many of the 'nightingales' heard in localities where that species is still unknown.

There are occasions when wild creatures appear to abandon custom in favour of impulse stronger than law. During one still April night I was repeatedly conscious of small-bird notes, scarcely amounting to song, yet sufficiently pronounced to intimate that little roosters in the various shrubs not far from my window were anything save asleep. The pipings, although unusual, aroused no special comment until the following morning, when, soon after sunrise, tawny owls in some adjoining woodland embarked upon an even more irregular conference which continued throughout a warm and cloudless fore-

noon. The coincidence was sufficiently marked to suggest a common cause, and one could only assume that all the birds were holding carnival, irrespective of the restrictions that night or day normally imposes.

Again, one November afternoon, in the course of a long country walk, I was puzzled by the behaviour of owls, which seemed to be hooting in every copse and spinney in the style which they usually reserve for the first hours of darkness when the barometer is rising. When an owl hoots in the day-time, it usually means that he has been disturbed, either by some invasion of his privacy or, quite as often, by atmospheric vibrations, such as distant thunder, blasting or gunfire, which startle many birds into outcry. Strong light penetrating his cover will also set him off. In the given instance, however, the calling was too sustained and general for any of the usual reasons to meet the case. Obviously, owls were awake everywhere, exchanging comments; and later that evening, my wife, who had been out in another direction, told me that she had been surprised at the number of bats on the wing when and where they certainly should not have been. Once again, therefore, the freakish talkativeness of the owls had corresponded with abnormal behaviour among other creatures, and to attribute it all to coincidence seemed unimaginative.

It is curious that while many large birds are voluble, not one has acquired a 'song.' The missel-thrush is the largest singer, nor would the accomplishment seem appropriate in a bigger bird. It would be like a treble voice in a man. Indeed, the cry of every bird is singularly consistent with its personality. The harsh yet vivacious chatter of the magpie; the conversational murmuring of rooks; the heron's croak, and the wild strident plaint of buzzard or gull, one and all express the nature of the bird that utters them. Yet a large bird may be a musician. Nature's choir contains no contribution comparable with the curlew's trill, always tuneful, but reaching the perfection of melody when rippling down its long scale to fade out at last on the rich lingering note which no other tongue can emulate or instrument produce. 'The moan of doves in immemorial elms' aptly epitomises the voice of early summer, and I have heard few musical entertainments to equal that once provided by a conclave of

cuckoos assembled in a little group of Dartmoor hawthorns, their voices modulated like well-chimed bells which the performance singularly suggested.

Generally speaking, however, character rather than music distinguishes vocal achievement by the larger birds. Although seldom pleasing, it is always interesting, and whereas the strains of a warbler may be taken for granted, a voice that is seldom raised in mere *joie de vivre* suggests that something is happening, and as a rule repays investigation. When describing the wild farewell scream of the old eagle as he mounted for the last time into the blue, William Long touched a realistic chord. In the outcry of a big bird, however, there is often meaning which need not be tragic. The background, indeed, may be humorous—from a human standpoint. A correspondent once sent me a most entertaining account of the manner in which some rooks reacted to a scarecrow which they studied from a respectful distance while one of them 'literally preached' to the remainder grouped in a semicircle before him. Birds of this order are certainly capable of intelligible vocal expression, a faculty highly developed in the more advanced species. The murmurings of ravens at the nest may easily be mistaken for human voices, and I have seen one or two behave in precisely the same manner as the rook just described, the only difference being that the audience in these instances was composed of various birds, carrion crows, wood-pigeons, and presumably all others within hearing. The raven upon each occasion was perched in a thicket, holding forth in a tone which can only be termed 'yodeling,' a note which, though seldom recorded, is by no means unusual. It is a quaint form of monologue in which an old bird of either sex may indulge, sometimes actually when brooding, as though to while away the long lonely hours on a crag's face, but more frequently when perched in some conspicuous tree from which both a view and an audience is assured. This peculiar oration continues interminably, if uninterrupted, and appears to proceed from some intense emotion which can only find an outlet in vociferation. So lost in his own eloquence does the normally wary old fowl become that one may walk unheeded to the foot of the tree in which he sits haranguing the wild hillside with all the fervour of a

Hyde Park orator to whom nobody is paying serious attention.

The precise character of this extraordinary performance is difficult to determine. It might merely be the manner in which a highly individualised and most original bird finds self expression, upon the same principle as a puppy or a child seeks an outlet for his spirits. Or, again, it may be amorous, in other words, actually the raven's love song, which officially he is not supposed to possess. And, all considered, the latter possibility seems the more likely. True, one may hear it at any time of year, but it must be remembered that the raven pairs for life; is a very early breeder, and he certainly experiences a recrudescence of the amorous emotions during Indian summer or earlier. An old male often carries sticks to the nest in autumn, and I have seen a pair exchange the connubial 'kiss' on a warm September day when, apparently, a raven's fancy takes a romantic turn.

If disposed to 'kiss' or think about nest-building, there is no reason why he should not also 'croon.' His cousin, the carrion crow, has a somewhat similar spring-time call, for which, again, he is not usually given credit, although actually it is the first note of spring that may be heard upon the English countryside over the greater part of which the raven is unknown. It is a mere travesty of the larger bird's sensational oration, but sufficiently alike upon a minor scale to suggest a common motive. The rook which vociferated in front of the scarecrow was probably inspired by nothing more than intense excitement, like magpies which chatter at any object of special interest, such as a cat or fox. Before admitting the raven to the big company of troubadours, however, there is one objection that cannot be ignored. He undoubtedly possesses the habit—uncommon among wild birds—of talking to himself. A few years ago, we nursed an injured raven back to health. He lived for several weeks in our back-yard, and when he believed himself unheard would chortle for hours on end over some toy, such as an old bone, tin, or any oddment to which he took a fancy. It is possible, therefore, that any of the soloists described may have been inspired by nothing more than general well-being, satisfaction with his perch, or—last but not least probable—an overweening sense of his own importance.

As a general rule, apart from song, communication of some sort is expressed in most bird cries. They are addressed to someone. The chaffinch who 'pinks' as he perches on the bird table is announcing his arrival. The fledgling chirps for food or companionship. Many of the perennial calls are exchanged between mate and mate. Others, like the heron's croak or the jay's screech, denote alarm or disturbance. The clamour of gregarious birds seems to be the noise inseparable from any crowd. A flock of gulls, for example, wheels in an atmosphere of veritable babel. A solitary gull is usually silent, and this applies to feathered life as a whole. The note of one is a tolerably safe guarantee that another is within hearing. Every country boy knows how readily an owl responds to a good imitation of its hoot, the inference being that the bird is at least prepared for an answer. And this recalls a curious custom once practised among certain American Indian tribes. When a warrior on the warpath heard the cry of Tengmalm's owl he mimicked it to the best of his ability, and if he failed to get a reply he regarded it as his death warning. Presumably the origin of the superstition lay in the owl's almost invariable habit of answering any whistle resembling its own, departure from rule being so unusual that peculiar significance was attached to it.

I do not think that the cry of any British wild bird foretells rain. There is no logical reason why it should, since conditions which attend the falling barometer have a *subduing* effect on animal activity generally. The green woodpecker, or 'rain bird,' is the most misrepresented in this respect, close observation having proved that the famous wet-weather call might be regarded as a prediction of sunshine with equal justification. Indeed, as a warning of precipitation, silence upon the part of birds is more significant than any call-note. But, upon the whole, the question of wild life signs and portents is ground upon which angels may well fear to tread. The modern countryman who refers inquirers upon the weather prospects to the official forecast is wise in his generation—or wiser, anyhow, than he who takes the cry of the rain-bird very seriously.

DOUGLAS GORDON.

THE FOREIGN SECRETARYSHIPS OF MR EDEN.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

IN connection with his article on the above subject, which appeared in the January issue of the 'Quarterly Review,' Captain A. L. Kennedy writes—'I have been informed on quite unimpeachable authority that it was not absolutely accurate to say, as I did in my article on Mr Eden, that he "had a row" with Mussolini on the occasion of his visit to Rome in 1935. On the first day their talk in the Palazzo Venezia lasted for the best part of two hours, without any impoliteness of any kind, though also without any approach to agreement; and at its close Mussolini invited the British Minister for League of Nations Affairs (which was Mr Eden's post at the time) to come and see him again next day if he wished. Mr Eden accepted the invitation, but the second interview was a short one because neither of them had changed his views and there was nothing to say.

'Mussolini's only brusqueness was at a subsequent reception at the British Embassy given by Lord Perth. The Duce strutted in and treated Mr Eden somewhat cavalierly. But this was habitual with Mussolini when Italians were present as well as foreigners, as on this occasion. If only British had been there he would probably have behaved quite genially; but he liked to "show off" to his compatriots in a mixed assemblage.'

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

Homes, Towns, and Countryside.

Edited by Gilbert and Elizabeth McAllister.

The Herbal of Rufinus.

Edited by Dr L. Thorndike and Francis S. Benjamin, jnr.

The Nationalities of Europe and the Growth of National Ideologies. Professor H. Munro Chadwick.

The Analysis of Social Change.

Godfrey and Monica Wilson.

Religion in America. Willard L. Sperry.

Legal Fictions. A. Laurence Polak.

Some Thoughts on the Organisation of Art after the War. G. D. Hobson.

Clay Eternal. B. Montagu Scott.
Recent French Literature.

ONLY the extreme individualists among us fail to realise that under present circumstances our lives must be

largely planned for us by higher authority. Our task is to ensure that this planning does not under Socialist control invade scenes of activity which are much better left to private enterprise. In the lay-out of our land private enterprise has failed not from any real fault of its own but because it is impossible for it to operate on a wide enough scale. At such a time a book like 'Homes, Towns, and Countryside,' edited by Gilbert and Elizabeth McAllister (Batsford), is most useful and helpful. Experts like Sir Patrick Abercrombie, Sir Daniel Hall, Dr Dudley Stamp, Sir Cecil Weir, Sir Charles Bressey, Ivor Brown, and others deal with towns, countryside, location of industry, transport, fuel, house planning, arts and amenities in houses, and recreation and kindred problems, examining the position with expert eyes, facing the difficulties and suggesting solutions. In many cases private enterprise can work within the national planning framework, though Sir Daniel Hall, most regrettably we think, advocates complete nationalisation of agricultural land. Only by sane planning on a nation-wide scale shall we be able to tackle the task of reducing the congestion of the towns without adding to their appalling sprawl; of saving the countryside and putting it to its best use; of making suitable and attractive homes and encouraging a proper community spirit; and last but not least of cleaning the air and removing the smoke which still too often depresses the towns and ruins the neighbouring country. This most excellent book is fully illustrated in the best Batsford standard, and we cannot ask for more.

After the death of the fourth Earl of Ashburnham in 1878, the disposal of his magnificent library became the centre of international intrigue. Among the Italian manuscripts which found their way back to Italy was a fourteenth-century illuminated folio containing what is apparently the only extant manuscript of a hitherto unknown thirteenth-century work on herbs by a 'holy doctor' named Rufinus.

Dr Lynn Thorndike and his co-workers are to be congratulated on their foresight in procuring a rotograph of this unique manuscript from the Laurentian Library at Florence a few days before Italy's attack on France, and on pressing forward with its publication. Botanical

historians will be grateful to Dr Thorndike and his assistant, Mr Francis S. Benjamin, jnr, for making it readily available in this well-printed and scholarly volume entitled *'The Herbal of Rufinus'* (University of Chicago Press). Such a work is, of course, intended primarily for specialists, but there are certain aspects of the herbal which are of interest to the more general reader.

As Dr Thorndike says in his admirable introduction, 'The botany of the Middle Ages has commonly been held in low esteem'—a discreditable interlude between the glories of Theophrastus and their revival in the German 'Fathers' of the sixteenth century. Rufinus' herbal, and a few others, show clearly that there were men working during this interlude who were not content merely to copy slavishly from authority, but who looked at the plants themselves and described what they saw. 'About one-fifth of our text,' says Dr Thorndike, 'is by Rufinus himself, based in large measure upon his own observation and experiment.' The discovery and printing of Rufinus' herbal will have been abundantly worth while if only for the additional proof it gives that the clouds of the Dark Ages had a silver lining.

Probably no living historian knows more about the origins and characteristics of the peoples of Europe than Professor H. Munro Chadwick, who, in *'The Nationalities of Europe and the Growth of National Ideologies'* (Cambridge University Press), has ably summarised his profound knowledge for the benefit of the ordinary reader. He writes: 'I believe that the mistakes made by British policy in the past have been due in the main to ignorance of foreign peoples, including non-British peoples within the Empire.' At a moment in history when this knowledge is indispensable to our parochial-minded rulers and people, it is notoriously absent. In ten brief chapters this most valuable study provides a primer for politicians with their facile reach-me-down 'solutions.' Beginning with a chapter on 'Nationality and Language,' Professor Chadwick gives two chapters to 'The Formation of the Linguistic Map of Europe,' and one to the involved question of 'Nation and Kingdom.' He aptly points out that the linguistic map of Europe bears a fairly close resemblance to the

political map which resulted from the Treaties of 1919-20. Nevertheless (in spite of idealists) this did not, and does not to-day, prevent nations such as Greece and Spain being torn to pieces by ideological fanatics. Historic and prehistoric 'Claims to Domination' are carefully examined with admirable objectivity and fairness, and the whole argument ably summarised in two final chapters 'Yesterday and To-morrow' and 'Our Weakness and its Remedy.' The author not only convincingly advocates the foundation of an Institute of Imperial and International Studies, but provides a scheme for its establishment. When dealing with Germany he, like so many others, deplores the expulsion of the princes, rightly pointing out that, inasmuch as the Germans cannot rule themselves, the choice is between their dynastic rulers and 'dictators fired by dreams of world conquest.' This authoritative analysis of the most deadly of world-wide political poisons should be widely read as an antidote to sentimental, sloppy political thinking.

The authors, Godfrey and Monica Wilson, modestly claim no more for 'The Analysis of Social Change' (Cambridge University Press) than that it is 'tentative and hypothetical.' Based on first-hand study over a considerable period in Tanganyika, Nyassaland, and Northern Rhodesia, it is a not unsuccessful attempt to draw some tenable conclusions regarding present world-wide instability from the effects, here noted and recorded, of the impact of civilisation on African peoples. The field of observation is too much limited and its comparison to present world conditions of maladjustment and disequilibrium too disproportionate for anything approaching definite conclusions to be reached. Nevertheless, the attempt was well worth making, and the authors are to be mainly congratulated on a piece of disinterested research that may well have in the future far-reaching consequences. The objectivity of their approach and their clarity of thought and English are most persuasive.

In view of the Russian enigma perhaps nothing in the world to-day is more important for its present and its future than Anglo-American relations; yet many politicians, writers, and newspapers treat this pregnant situation as if it were merely a question of a more plentiful

supply of food, films, and smokes! 'Religion in America,' by Willard L. Sperry, Dean of the Divinity School, Harvard (Cambridge University Press), is the first welcome volume of a new Cambridge Series admirably calculated to dispel some at least of our many preconceptions, and indeed prejudices, about the Americans. There are 256 denominations, many small, obscure, and odd, in the U.S.A., and the Dean makes quite clear in simple, easy language why they have sprung up there, and how even imported European religions have been modified to conform to American history, culture, politics, and social needs. Some of these sects, he says, 'defy classification.' In a country where there is no Established Church and the parish is not a legal unit there can be no parish church to which all parishioners have stated rights of access; nor is there any common heritage such as we all, whatever our denomination, possess in the Church of England. The most important Protestant bodies are the Congregational, the organisation of which particularly appeals to the American's love of freedom, independence, and self government. Next follows the Episcopal and, a considerable way down, the Presbyterian. The Roman Catholic Church is the largest, most powerful, and most vocal religious body in the U.S. at the present time. Built largely on the strenuous work of Irish priests and prelates, it looked at one time, as Leo XIII warned it, like becoming completely Americanised. If, as rumour has it, the new Cardinal Spellman (Archbishop of New York) becomes Secretary of State at the Vatican, America will at once take first place in the Councils of the Roman Church and, through the U.S.A., Irish Catholicism will once more become a dominant factor in World Catholicism. The excellence of this first volume of The New Cambridge Series assures a welcome for its successors.

The English system of law prides itself with being able to deal with *all* situations however unusual or complex. Why then should its action be limited to conventional and contemporary situations? That is the basic idea of an entertaining and well-planned little book by Mr A. Laurence Polak called 'Legal Fictions' (Stevens and Sons), in which we find famous mythological cases dealt with in the due ceremonial and procedure of an English law Court. Thus we are pleased to read the

judgment pronounced by Mr Justice Apollo in the case brought by Mr Menelaus of the Castle, Sparta, against his wife Helen and Mr Paris of The Towers, Troy ; or, again, the judgment of Mr Justice Phaethon in the motion for an injunction brought by Mr Pluto of Hades against Mr Charon of Tartarus concerning ferrying rights across the Styx. Lawyers will be specially pleased with this clever little skit, but the layman will also find much to amuse him.

A notable Batsford work is 'Some Thoughts on the Organisation of Art after the War,' by G. D. Hobson, the well-known and widely experienced director of Sotheby's. He limits himself to such subjects as the future of London Square gardens and of National Art Galleries and Museums and of the English Fine Art Trade. On all he has something really interesting to say and he says it with clarity and decision not unmingled with pleasing irony. He has useful suggestions to make about what he considers to be our moribund and misused museums, into which new life should be injected, and he is convincing in his arguments in favour of free export and import of our works of art as opposed to keeping them forcibly in this country, which will in the end fail in the object it aims at.

Miss Montagu Scott has proved herself to be a skilled teller of stories of remarkable vitality and variety of scope and treatment. In her latest story, 'Clay Eternal' (Hutchinson's), she fully maintains her reputation and closely holds her reader's attention. There is humour and pathos and also much that is grim and rather sordid, but that is a necessary part of the plot. A chance group of people are caught in a shelter during an air raid—people whose lives would seem to make no pattern with each other: a playwright, a soldier, a nun, a courtesan, a professional fortune-teller, and a pickpocket. Yet is there something which is not only a pattern but not even a new one? Are they all reincarnations of others who have met in a former existence? This takes us back to Anne Boleyn musing, before her execution, on her past life, and thence by way of a scene in Early Georgian times back to the present day. All is most ingeniously worked out and the characters all live in their successive existences, though with very different backgrounds. If the end is

gloomy it is in the circumstances inevitable. The author is to be congratulated on an interesting and original story.

SOME RECENT FRENCH LITERATURE

One of the most remarkable aspects of the German occupation of France was the intense French literary activity it provoked. In both Algiers and Paris, secretly under the occupation and openly as soon as the bestial occupier was turned out, the printing presses loosed a veritable spate of books. Among the foremost publishers was the house of Charlot, whose output was astonishing in its quantity and its variety. Side by side with Georges Bernanos's now famous '*Lettre aux Anglais*' we have a brilliant account of the resistance in Joseph Kessel's '*Armée des Ombres*'; a very moving novel in dialogue by A. Linné and E. Nessler on the same subject, '*Les Champs Secrets*'; translations from Virginia Woolf; a pompous political work, '*Hier-Demain*,' by Vincent Auriol; André Gide's '*Pages de Journal*'; an intensely comic account of diplomatic life at Kuibyshev entitled '*Grand Théâtre*' and signed by the obvious pseudonym 'Nadine,' amid a crowd of lesser works. An historical work of first-rate importance published under the occupation is M. Pierre Belperron's '*La Croisade contre les Albigeois*' (Plon), of special interest to English readers from its subject, with which the name of Simon de Montfort is intimately linked, and to all students of history by reason of the fresh light the author throws on a much-discussed problem of medieval history. Briefly, M. Belperron gives reason to suppose that the Albigenses were, contrary to general opinion, not so much praiseworthy forerunners of the Reformation as exponents of a definitely anti-Christian doctrine, dangerous equally to social civilisation and to spiritual progress. M. Belperron's work gives an illuminating picture of the thirteenth century and contains a masterly exposition of all the available evidence. [J.P.]

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